This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

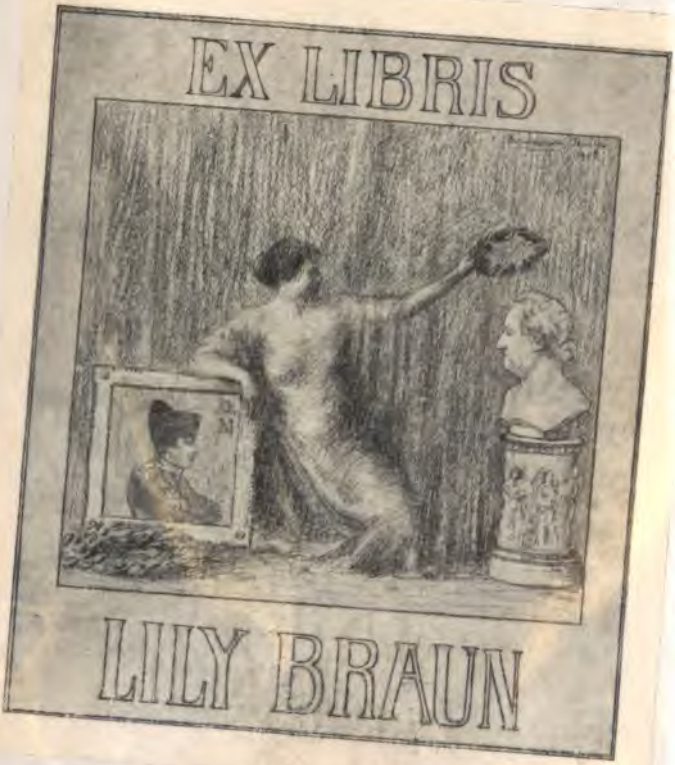
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

AMELANG'SCHE BUCHHANDLUNG
(H. BENECKE)
BERLIN W. POTSDAMERSTR. 126



RADCLIFFE COLLEGE LIBRARY
Schlesinger Library
WOMAN'S ARCHIVES
Gift of
Dr. Julie Braun-Vogelstein

SEERS AND SINGERS.

A Study of Five English Poets. By ARTHUR D. INNES. Antique cloth extra, gilt top, 5*s.*

THE DAWN OF HISTORY.

By C. F. KEARY. Revised Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHURCH LORE GLEANINGS.

By T. F. THISTLETON DYER. Illustrated. Large Crown 8vo., cloth, 5*s.*

CHRISTIAN MONASTICISM FROM THE FOURTH TO THE NINTH CENTURIES OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

By the Rev. Canon I. GREGORY SMITH, M.A., LL.D. Large Crown 8vo., cloth, 14*s.*

NATURE AND WOODCRAFT.

By JOHN WATSON. Illustrated by G. E. LODGE. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BIOGRAPHIES OF GOOD WOMEN.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Foolscap 8vo., cloth. First and Second Series, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

WOMANKIND.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Cheaper Edition, Crown 8vo., cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

LONDON: A. D. INNES & CO., 31 & 32, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

LADIES AT WORK.

PAPERS ON PAID EMPLOYMENTS FOR LADIES.

LADIES AT WORK.

PAPERS ON

PAID EMPLOYMENTS FOR LADIES.

BY

EXPERTS IN THE SEVERAL BRANCHES.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

LADY JEUNE.

LONDON:
A. D. INNES & CO.,
31 & 32, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.
1893.

[*The Papers in this Volume are reprinted, after revision, from the 'Monthly Packet.'*]

331.7120941
L15

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION. By LADY JEUNE	1
COLLEGES FOR WOMEN. By E. WORDSWORTH	14
JOURNALISM. By FANNY L. GREEN	29
MUSIC. By ETHEL M. BOYCE, A.R.A.M.	40
ART. By FLORENCE REASON	44
AUTHORSHIP. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE	52
THE STAGE. By GRACE LATHAM	62
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. By CAROLINE W. LATIMER, M.D.	75
WOMEN'S MEDICAL WORK IN INDIA. By MRS. FRANK PENNY	86
HOSPITAL NURSING. By H. MARY WILSON and R. WILSON	94
CARE OF INSANE PATIENTS. By LADY CLIFFORD	108
TEACHING. By M. T. WALLAS	113
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHING. By F. HARRISON	122
WOMEN'S WORK AMONGST THE POOR. By SOPHIA LONSDALE	129
THE LADY OF ALL WORK. By C. R. COLERIDGE	137

LADIES AT WORK.

INTRODUCTION.

Of all the changes which mark the social revolutions of the nineteenth century none are more remarkable and more far-reaching in their effects than those affecting the position of women. Perhaps we may call them complete so far as they have gone, though in the future we cannot doubt but that their results will be still wider and more revolutionary. As regards the position and influence of women, there is not much left to desire, and whether her power will be materially increased by giving her the franchise, and so putting her on an equality with men, is a question open to much speculation. To an ordinary observer, it can hardly be said that a woman's position is a hard one because that privilege is withheld, for in the most important matters affecting education, training, and choice of professions a woman's field of choice is hardly less limited than that of a man.

Medicine, science, teaching, literature, and art are all open to her, in all of which she has won laurels, while even that most conservative and exclusive of careers, the law, is now being invaded by her; so that, given capacity and physical strength, a woman's chance of distinction is very

little behind that of her masculine opponents. The volume we have before us is the best proof of this: its comprehensiveness, its thoroughness, and the grasp of subjects it treats of, show how wide and far-reaching are the results of modern life, and training, on educated and intelligent women.

If we compare the life of a modern woman with that of one at the beginning of the century, where can we find a greater contrast? Then, fettered and surrounded with all the safeguards and prejudices of a narrow society, with no future before her, if she remained unmarried, save a life of dull monotony, often accompanied with very straitened means, was it a wonder that existence to her was a dreary wretchedness, obliged constantly as she was to keep up an appearance of gentility under superhuman difficulties, because it was a reproach to be poor, and a disgrace to make any attempt to earn her living? And thus her life was passed, till the day when the dark curtain fell on one who, perhaps, had she lived in these later days, would have been a useful and happy member of society. The lives of women and girls in the upper classes were both as uneventful and uninteresting, for if we take the novels of the early parts of the century which treat of English social life, they present as dreary a picture as one can conceive; in which women were shut out and debarred from taking their part or sharing in any way in the intellectual interests and occupations of their husbands or brothers.

The causes which have brought about the change are

not difficult to indicate. The improvement in the education of women, the increased facilities of communication and the influence of America are undoubtedly the main causes; and the pioneers of the women's movement have been happier than many other reformers, for they have lived to see the results of their labours, and witness the changes their courage and example have worked.

The movement in its commencement had one enormous advantage, namely, that the women who embarked on it had high and difficult ideals, and were not content to try and countermine the fortress, but resolved to take it by assault. A less ambitious programme, a less courageous attack, would have failed in its object; but the ability and determination of the leaders of the movement arrested public attention, and, though they met with determined opposition, they commanded the respect of the community, who watched with increasing eagerness the chances and changes of the fight. I think we may say that the battle has been fought fairly, and that our antagonists have been generous, with one exception, namely, in the struggle of women to enter the medical profession, where all the prejudice and influence of a powerful and narrow class were brought to bear in opposition. How vain the contest proved is now a matter of history, and millions of suffering women in the Mother Country and in India owe a debt of gratitude to the unbounded ability and undaunted courage of Elizabeth Garrett Anderson and Sophia Jex Blake.

Among the women who fought the battle of independence there are names which will always be household words to English women ; but, like single soldiers who often die performing heroic actions, there are many women to whom the cause owes a debt which it can never acknowledge, because they have fought unknown and unheard of, and there are thousands at this moment working silently in their several careers all adding to the stability and dignity of women's work. The volume before us gives a very fair idea of how many are the questions which interest women and how varied are the opportunities which they now have of distinguishing themselves. In medicine the field becomes wider every year, and, apart from what women have achieved in England, the article by Mrs. Penny on women's work in India shows how in that wonderful country, surrounded with prejudice and powerful religious opposition, English doctors and nurses have brought comfort and relief to their suffering sisters, who up till that moment had suffered and died unassisted and uncared for. In this particular work the good has been of a two-fold character, for the nurse or doctor has often been the means of bringing to the poor Hindoo women the message of hope which has made her passage to the dark unseen world less terrible than formerly. If we consider for a moment the conditions under which the lives of most Indian women are passed, of the neglect and mismanagement of their health at some of the most trying moments of their existence, we realise how great has been the boon of Lady

Dufferin's association, and that English women are doing a work in India, the like of which has never before been seen or heard of, and which in its ultimate effect may attain results undreamt of at its initiation.

Medicine and teaching have hitherto offered the widest scope for women's work, as well as the most lucrative, though the training in both is the longest, and the highest tests are exacted. The field, however, is becoming less narrowed, and many other occupations, less well paid and perhaps less absorbing, are opening up in which women can earn a moderate income, and which in their way are interesting enough. The stage has become a profession which in these days is looked on as quite as legitimate a way of earning a living as women can desire. The higher tone of morality and the fact that many ladies are adopting it is raising the stage from the position it occupied for many years. To attain to the highest position there, as in all other careers, entails ability, genius, and a hard apprenticeship; but there are minor positions which women can fill where great intellectual qualities are not needed, and where physical qualifications are as important. All women cannot be Helen Fawcetts or Ristoris, but many can and do earn their living in what is as honourable and respectable a profession as any other.

The profession of journalism is one for which women have shown extraordinary aptitude. Their imaginative faculties, and the ease with which they write their descriptive power, picturesque, varied, and done with

a lighter vein than that of men, opens another career to them, while the much-abused Society papers, and the varied literature for women and children, give them a large scope for their powers ; Miss Green's interesting paper gives an excellent account of what women are doing in that direction. The field of literature has been largely invaded by women, and though, perhaps, the excellence of their work will not compare favourably in all points with that of men, they have with a noble determination always striven to elevate the tone of their writings, and much of the purity of English literature is due to the influence which women have exercised in the last thirty years. George Eliot, Annie Thackeray, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and Mrs. Oliphant are some of the most prominent English women of letters whose names naturally suggest themselves as those who have set this example of purity and simplicity which has been so eagerly followed by all other English authoresses ; and it is no exaggeration to say that in every work, whether of fiction, poetry, philosophy, or in discussing the complex social and moral questions of our day, there is none by English women which is not impregnated by a tone of the highest morality, even while discussing and grappling with difficult and delicate questions in the broadest and widest degree. Quite apart, however, from those whose works place them in the front ranks of their profession, and who undoubtedly do exercise a world-wide influence, there is the great class of women who write, and write

well, and whose influence has also been employed to raise the literature of England to a pinnacle of purity and morality of which they may well be proud, and which contrasts favourably with that of any other country.

In writing of women's work, one can never forget the great army of women who have devoted their lives to the care of the sick and suffering; for the work of nursing, carried to the perfection it now is, is the genuine outcome of the feeling of love and mercy which owed its existence to the unselfish devotion of a few women, and to the example set to them by one whose name will always live in English history—that of Florence Nightingale. Despite the efforts which had long been made to improve and develop the science of nursing, the first real impetus was given to it when Miss Nightingale and her band of nurses went to the Crimea; and from then till this moment, when we have reduced it to a science, nursing the sick and poor has been essentially women's work, and into the cause has been poured lavishly the love, tenderness, and sympathy of thousands and thousands of the best of English women. When we think of what the life of a nurse means—of the absolute self-abnegation, the courage, the devotion, the patience, and the high sense of duty which it necessitates, one realises the high ideal all these women have set before them, and to which they have attained. In no profession are these qualities so indispensable, and in no other are the tests so severe or the strain so constant.

Miss Lonsdale's paper on work among the poor deals with one of the most interesting schemes in which women can occupy themselves. It is a part of women's work which needs further development, and one in which women of education, refinement, and good sense can exercise great influence, for it is one which has hitherto been left to people of a very little better class than those among whom they work. It is a troublesome work, not always sympathetic, tiring, and very disheartening, and the difficulty in providing the best kind of worker lies in the fact that the pay is so miserably small. Of unpaid assistance there is always an abundance; but it is spasmodic and uncertain, and therefore of much less value. The formation of a fund to supplement the wages of paid workers among the poor would be of unmixed advantage, for it would enable clergymen, in paying a higher salary, to procure the services of those qualified to undertake the duties, instead of being obliged, as they now often are, to accept any one who is willing to take small wages to eke out a living, and is considered good enough to work among the poor. If we consider who the woman should be to work among the poor, and think of the importance of physical strength, high example, courage, and decision of character which she should possess, and contrast her with those we are often obliged to content ourselves with, we realise how imperfectly the work must be done. It is not with any desire to decry the wonderful work that has been done

and is done by unpaid workers among the poor; but, as I have before indicated, it is among those who are necessarily required to supplement voluntary assistance that a change is required. The pressure on some fields of women's work would be largely removed were it possible for those who are obliged to take up less congenial occupations to have this particular branch better paid and organised. It would be impossible in any review of the accompanying volume to overlook Miss Coleridge's paper on, perhaps, the most useful and most overworked of all women, namely, the person she aptly names, 'the woman of all work'; for she is the best example of the change that has come over the position of women during the last fifty years, as showing the extraordinary and multifarious occupations in which women can occupy themselves who are not obliged to earn their living. Her household must be well ordered, her children educated, and in no way are these two most important duties to be neglected; yet on this is superadded a variety of occupations, all requiring energy, care, skill, tact, and physical strength. Women of any position or of any known capacity in England have all the hours of their day mapped out for them with occupations very likely trivial in comparison with those of men, but all requiring capacity and power of organisation. In many ways the life of a very busy woman is much more trying and difficult than that of a woman who has a profession with its distinct work, which allows of no excursions beyond its

limits. She has to deal with many interests, to consider many people's feelings and inclinations, to control where necessary, to find able coadjutors, and above all to steer clear of the greatest of female weaknesses—that of trying to do everything herself instead of subdividing her work, and finding capable people to carry it out.

One cannot help feeling, on closing this volume, full of interest as it is for the present, and showing the increased scope of women's work in the future, a feeling of regret that the earnings of women are small, and that all the enthusiasm and honest effort made by them is so inadequately remunerated. The opposition which in their earlier days, added to the difficulty of their training and education, have disappeared in the face of the distinct capacity they have shown ; but the fact must be faced and will always remain, that women can never earn the same wages as men, and, this being the case, it is the more to their credit that they have never ceased to endeavour to keep up the standard of excellence at which they aimed. It is in the care and conscientiousness with which girls work that we find the secret of women's success: emulation, opposition, even failure adds to the determination with which a girl conquers the difficulties in her education, and, having developed the qualities which ensure success, she carries them out into the graver work of her life. The training and keen competition of her life ministers to her enthusiasm and determination to achieve the ideals she has set before her, and which she

strives to attain. Less enthusiasm, less self-devotion, would have ensured a certain amount of proficiency; but the real secret of the success of women in what work they undertake lies in the fact that their aims are higher, their recognition of defeat more tardy; and one cannot but think that prophecies of failure have stirred them to greater efforts. One important fact has assisted women materially in their strife, namely, that their health has stood the strain of pressure of work in an unexpected manner. The false prophets who foretold the complete destruction of the female constitution from overwork have been confounded, and though there are cases where women have broken down, the undoubted fact remains that their physical strength has not really suffered to any very great degree. This is one of the most important and cheering elements in the question, and on it the successful work done by them has in a great measure depended. It is an aspect of the question no woman should ever lose sight of if they are to maintain the position they have won, and they should never fail to listen to the first warning that their strength is being overdrawn. Exercise and open air are as much a necessity as food and clothing if women are to keep their health and bring the vigour health alone gives to bear on their work. Fortunately, what with gymnasiums, etc., there are plenty of means at a woman's command by which they can have the exercise which the sedentary nature of their occupations makes most imperative; and as the strain increases and the pressure of competition

waxes more severe, it is well for women not to neglect so obvious a precaution. To be healthy is to be happy, wise, and fit for the struggle life is to us all; and women will enormously add to their powers of work by keeping themselves strong.

Remarkable as women's progress has been in the last few years, there is still much more to be achieved and overcome to fit her to take her place in the foremost ranks with those of the other sex. We see what she has accomplished, handicapped as she has been, and therefore shall not rest satisfied without a distinct advance; for though women have solved many disputed questions, and disproved many fallacies, they have still to establish their position on foundations which shall remain unshaken. On two points they meet men at a disadvantage, in their training and their physical strength. The modern system of education is abolishing the former; but the latter is unalterable, and it is on that account that, in choosing their vocation, women should endeavour to avoid those professions where physical strength is the *sine quâ non.* The sterner professions of the army and navy are fortunately debarred; but there are others where success must always remain with those who have the broadest chests and the greatest muscle. Endurance, capacity, courage, perseverance, women have proved they possess, and it is in the professions where such qualities tell that they should seek their laurels. They have a fair field, and where they show capacity the recognition is generous and unequivocal. The field of enterprise is

wide enough to satisfy most ambitions, and it is getting broader every year, and though pecuniarily a woman's position is hard, even that shows signs of improvement. It is not, however, from the latter point of view, important as it is to many thousands of women, that we must view the question, but from the higher one of what has been done and what still remains to be accomplished. To the majority of women the profession ordained by Nature will be the one open to them, and in no other is their influence more potent or wide-spreading; but every woman cannot be a wife and mother, and it is to such women that all the questions with which this volume deals are so important. Some women from necessity, others from the mere dread of mental stagnation, must work, and it is on these that the responsibility of maintaining the position of women will rest. With the high ideals and lofty aims of their predecessors they have an example set them which they must follow, and it is only by cherishing such ideals that they will be able, even in uncongenial surroundings and occupations, to maintain the position they have won.

MARY JEUNE.

COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

BY E. WORDSWORTH.

I HAVE been asked to write a few pages on the subject of Ladies' Colleges, and I do this with some reluctance, because I am a believer in the proverb that 'Lookers on see most of the game.' Even the great Duke found it difficult to give an account of the battle of Waterloo. How much more must this be the case with humble persons like ourselves who are only subalterns in a movement, of which the magnitude can scarcely as yet be accurately measured!

I must own at the outset that, like Mrs. Malaprop, 'I began with a little aversion!' In my younger days, if I had been told at a party that a young lady belonged to a Ladies' College, I should have preferred occupying the stiffest of upright chairs in a thorough draught, to sitting by her on the most comfortable of sofas. And even now, I heartily wish we were in a state of society where no such things were needed. My ideal woman is always graceful and beautiful, better with her hands than her head, but best of all with her heart. She has many admirers, but is constant to one, whom she marries at five-and-twenty. She has at least five children, all healthy and good like herself. She can cook and sew, and dance and sing—she is very likely accomplished and well informed. She is not a bore, because she has never overworked her brain, and is really interested in all she knows. She has an income, if a lady, of from £500 to £1000 a year; if a poor woman, of from 20*s.* to 30*s.* a week.

She is a grandmother at sixty, and sings 'John Anderson my Jo' at seventy-five! I need hardly say that my pattern woman is religious, but not at all controversial. She cannot argue, but she *lives.*

Such is my own, and I fancy many other person's ideal. Meanwhile what are the facts? Our modern young woman finds herself in a very unpatriarchal state of society. First of all, she may very likely live up to and beyond five-and-twenty or even thirty without having any matrimonial chances at all. Secondly, she is (happily) far harder to please than her great grandmother. Pepys in his 'Diary' speaks of getting a husband for his sister because she is growing old and ugly, very much in the way we should talk now of getting a new umbrella because the winter was coming. The average person of either sex—I am speaking now of the educated classes—is far more fastidious, far more inclined to insist on *some* approach to 'elective affinity' in marriage than was formerly the case. And the comparative lateness of marriage adds to the difficulty. People in former days hardly knew they had got 'characters' any more than many of the poor do at this day. Now, we take great interest in our own characters; have them told by our handwriting, or go to some one to have our 'bumps' felt. A sense of incongruity or incompatibility is a definite, recognised evil in marriage. Any woman cannot put up with any man, and *vice versâ*, save perhaps when they have the misfortune to be Royal personages. People still marry for *love*, at least as much, if not more than they did, but it may be doubted if love is quite so blind as he used to be. Perhaps on that account he may be all the more constant!

The money difficulty, again, is ever increasing. Not only because of the much talked-of overcrowding, but, as has often been said before, because of our luxurious habits. Never was celibacy so caressed and *choyé* as at present! Not only single men, but single women, have their lives made a great deal too

comfortable. Everywhere one sees little suites of apartments and clubs springing up, nice little sets of tea-things and cozy contrivances, for making a single, or at least a dual life as easy and self-indulgent as possible. Even the great increase of hansom cabs in London is, I think, a sign of the times. There is the large Continental hotel or *pension*, where, with a very modest income, one can be very comfortable if one chooses to live exclusively by and for oneself. Our high civilization does not smile upon family life. Much as children are petted and 'made of,' yet Paterfamilias, with band boxes and perambulators on the brain, and Materfamilias, with her basket of sandwiches and two squalling infants at her side, is a never-failing butt for the comic artist. That phrase so often heard now, 'my people,' seems to tell a story in itself. One can never quite help feeling that there is a faint ring of false shame about it. Those to whom it is used are supposed to care little for the individuals whom it represents by a conveniently vague noun of multitude. It means something very different from the same phrase on the lips of Ruth.

Meanwhile, how many young women grow, or rather fade, into middle life without ever having fully developed what was in them! What half melancholy, half ludicrous tales ladies' doctors could tell us of hysteria, melancholia, all the long train of evils which come from 'fulness of bread and emptiness of employment!' What provincial town is without some humiliating story of a foolish woman setting her unoccupied affections on some member of the cathedral, collegiate, or parochial staff, and possibly pursuing him with an infatuation which, if told in fiction, would hardly be believed? How many large families of daughters seem overrunning one another in middle class households! How petty are the interests by which many women's lives are bounded! That clever little story, the *Autobiography of a Slander*, scarcely exaggerates the mischievous stupidity of the

average tea-table talk of many circles, lay and clerical. Again and again the question meets us, 'What *are* we to do with our young women?'

Do not suppose that I am going to reply, as one who offers a panacea for all evils, 'Send them to Ladies' Colleges.' Far from it. There are a great many girls for whom the life would be absolutely unsuitable. But among the alleviations to the present 'congested' state of things, I do honestly think Ladies' Colleges may not unfairly be reckoned as holding an important place, not only as finding occupation for unmarried women, but as affording—may one dare to say it?—excellent training for future wives and mothers. Why should stupidity or ignorance be taken as a qualification for married life, as some people seem to think? Even Thackeray evidently felt, when writing the last pages of *Vanity Fair*, that William Dobbin would be considerably bored by Amelia; and speaking for myself (though I know it is comparing small things with great), from the Pinkertonian point of view, I should *like* to have had Becky Sharp for a student! Very likely something might have been made of her if she had been taken in time, and her future husband might have reaped the advantage.

But to return. There are, it seems, three classes whom Ladies' Colleges might benefit.

First, of course, the *born* scholars; women or girls who may be found in schoolrooms, peering, like our old friend Ethel May, into their brother's books, trying their hands at Latin or Greek —or it may be at mathematics or science, picking up crumbs from beneath the tables of their masculine belongings, and blushing beautifully whenever detected. It is rather hard to grudge these women what is often lavished on men without a third of their abilities, or a tenth part of their enthusiasm, especially as they are very frequently women who would be hard to provide for satisfactorily in married life.

A second class is that of young girls of somewhat more than average, or with good average ability, whose home does not seem to offer adequate employment for them. In some ways a Ladies' College is more needed for them than for those mentioned above. A very clever woman has pronounced tastes, and can generally set herself to work, though she is a great gainer by being properly taught; but the rank and file will probably fall into idleness when they are left to be their own, or very nearly their own mistresses; and this is perhaps especially the case with girls who live more or less 'in society,' and who would very probably drift into a course of balls and tennis matches, for lack of having ever been taught habits of application, and to love work for its own sake. Any one who passes a few weeks at a fashionable watering-place will need no further comment on this text! While, on the other hand, experience has shown us that some of the best and most business-like charitable work of the day is being done by women* who have been trained at Oxford or Cambridge.

I may add here, that so far as our experience goes, some of the best friendships are formed between a brilliant and original nature on one side, and a somewhat matter-of-fact, plodding, but unselfish character on the other; each does the other good; the clever one becomes less self-conscious and eccentric, the more ordinary nature is raised and stimulated, and has a higher ideal given her of life and work.

A third class consists of women of perhaps thirty years of age, more or less, whose youth has denied them the opportunities of training and culture which they are now thankful to embrace. Women of this type are usually in earnest, and may gain very much from seeing something of organised and duly subordinated work. They understand taking care of their own

* May I instance the 'Women's University Settlement' at Southwark? Other instances might be drawn from missionary or colonial life.

health, and utilising and economising their time, and are brightened up by the high spirits of the younger students, to whom they, in their turn, may sometimes be extremely useful as advisers or sympathisers.

In many cases these women find themselves thrown on their own resources at the breaking up of their homes, and discover the need of some definite training before they can undertake educational or literary work. It would be well, however, if parents, whose daughters were likely to have to earn their bread, faced the fact *before* the home was broken up. A girl of nineteen or twenty is a far more plastic creature than she will be ten years later; she has less to unlearn, even physically it is an advantage to her to begin early. Little provincialisms of accent or manner get insensibly corrected, shyness is less of a burden, the eye and ear lend themselves more readily to the influences of culture, the power of self-adaptation and assimilation is far greater, and blunders are sooner got over.

From the money point of view, there can be no doubt that the training of a College or Hall is advantageous. Directly, it is obviously so for intending High School mistresses; but besides that, it acts as a kind of introduction to the educational world. A tutor is interested in a promising pupil (and I may here say that I have rarely seen instances of kindlier interest than some Oxford tutors, very busy men, have taken in their lady-students), and does his best to push her on, perhaps educationally, perhaps by getting her literary occupation. One High School teacher recommends another to a head-mistress, or the Principal of the Hall or College has perhaps an opportunity of doing so. Personal knowledge is worth many certificates, and I may add that, when all is said and done, the fact of being 'a lady,' or a good imitation of one, goes at least as far as the most exhaustive knowledge of the vagaries of ἵστημι, or the most thorough familiarity with 'Grimm's Law.'

Another advantage offered by Ladies' Colleges is peculiarly important in these days when classes are so much less definitely distinguished than formerly. Who has not known the nice young gentlemanly curate with the hopelessly vulgar wife? They belong by birth to the same class, but one has had an education and the other has not. In old days a 'real lady' was educated by the very atmosphere she habitually breathed. She was taught by the walls of her room, the books that lay about, the people she met, etc. But how little of this unconscious education can be got in many outwardly prosperous circles!

Many women go through the world without ever hearing as much good conversation as might be picked up at any breakfast table on a week's visit at some privileged house, that 'heart affluence in discursive talk,' of which Tennyson speaks in 'In Memoriam'; and in so doing they lose a good deal more than a mere intellectual luxury, and should they marry future judges, bishops, physicians, M.P.'s, or other public men, society suffers very much by their loss.

A Hall or College offers, indeed, a very poor substitute for the best home-made article; but still there are generally two or three cultivated and clever students, or possibly a lady 'coach' or 'tutor,' who possesses the gift of rousing and stimulating others. I have heard from time to time really very respectable talk among young women and girls, and can imagine it would have been better still in my absence. Again, the mixture of classes is very useful. The lady of old family and the daughter of a business or professional man do one another good, ideas are exchanged, points of view are shifted, theological, political, or social questions are presented in a new light, sympathies are widened, misunderstandings are corrected, and a larger charity and a wiser judgment is the result. Liberals find there is some good in Conservatives; Church people discover that even Nonconformists are not utterly devoid of faith or principle.

And this leads me to mention another distinct gain—what is popularly known as 'finding one's level.' The figure is very familiar to most of us of the 'clever girl of the family,' brought by her admiring parents, who gently hint in lowered tones that *this* time we have really secured a prodigy, and may consider ourselves fortunate in the selection which was made of her future place of education. As a rule she is conceited (or at least it is much to her credit if she be not so) at first. By the end of her first term she is thoroughly disliked; in her second she is miserable; in her third some of the nicer girls are sorry for her and make friends; in her fourth people begin to like her; in her fifth she *really* distinguishes herself, after which time a reaction sets in, and the rest of her career, culminating in a First Class, is all that could be wished; but she never is *quite* so conceited again.

This word 'conceited' at once lands us in the enemy's country, and suggests to us one or two of the probable objections to Halls and Colleges for Women.

'They'll none of them ever be able to talk to a Guardsman,' I was amused to hear was once remarked in an early stage of the movement.

'If they can't,' we may reply, 'there are plenty of other girls who will be delighted to do so.' But I think some Guardsmen might like for a change to have a young lady of this type next them at a dinner-party. They *might* never discover how she had been spending her time; and yet they might find her very good company.

Again, on the principle so well expressed by the proverb, 'A man is what a woman makes him,' may we not say that it is just as well for men that they should sometimes come across women who have a high and independent moral and intellectual standard of their own? The stronger sex, strong as it is, cannot afford to dispense with the knowledge that women who are best worth pleasing will not tolerate any defalcation from that standard;

and some of us at least have known instances of women, young, attractive, and well-born, whose influence has been splendidly and fearlessly used in the good cause.

But that word 'conceit!' Are girls made more conceited by going to Oxford or Cambridge? To be quite honest, I should say the danger was not so much of conceit as of being absorbed in new pursuits and new friendships to the temporary exclusion of old ones. This is an evil that will always have to be carefully guarded against; it is almost inseparable from any mode of life in which a person of either sex is usefully and happily employed away from home. But one of two things happens. Either a girl settles down happily again at home (with a superadded desire to make herself useful, and more power of doing it than formerly), or if she *cannot* afford to live at home, or is strongly drawn to the vocation (say) of a teacher for its own sake, it is happy for her that the severance has been so gently and gradually made, and that she feels some enthusiasm for her work, instead of saying, in an injured tone, 'I suppose I must teach.'

Conceit is very often cured by friction with others, and often also by the survey of the wide extent of the field of knowledge. Here again the danger is perhaps of an opposite kind; a despair seems to come over the original worker when confronted with the masterpieces of literature or science. Everything seems done already, and better done than he could do it! But a *genuine* gift thrives in the atmosphere which kills off less sturdy ones. The trophies of Marathon do not suffer Themistocles to sleep. A great masterpiece is a stimulus to some, a narcotic to others. In either case it does good to society. And I do not believe a genuine Themistocles has ever been killed off by the previous existence of any Miltiades.

Here we may notice another favourite objection. 'You teach girls Latin and Greek, and you introduce them to all the

abominations of classical literature.' Experience has taught us that the real danger, so far as it goes, is on the modern and not the ancient side. The language of Zola is the passport to at least as many impurities as the language of Plato, and to make a fuss about the classics, while for a few francs, or their equivalents, one can purchase not only French novels, but some English ones, which, despite their lack of refinement, certainly do not show much acquaintance with Greek or Roman literature, is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Of all the difficulties raised about the Higher Education of Women, this is the one at which those who see the thing in actual working find it most difficult to repress a smile.

How many women read (say) the *Confessions of Rousseau* (I certainly never have) because they know French, or Caroline dramatists, or even some Victorian 'shilling shockers,' because they know English—if 'the tongue which Shakspere spake' can be said to be that in which the writers of these nauseous works express themselves? Then why must we be supposed to lose delicacy and discrimination *only* when we come in contact with the dead languages? Because we read Homer, Virgil, or Sophocles, is it necessary that we should read all Aristophanes, all Lucretius, all Catullus, or even all Tacitus? If we go to stay in Grosvenor Square or Kensington, does it follow that we can find our way about in Whitechapel or Billingsgate? For my own part, I believe that a *judicious* classical training is the very best a young person of either sex can have; not only intellectually, but religiously. No one can apprehend what Christianity has done for the world, till he sees what the world was like before Christianity, both in what human thought could, and what it could *not* do.

This suggests another objection: 'Don't you find the "atmosphere," "training," "education," or whatever else it may be called, shakes their faith?' Yes, perhaps it does—for a time; but

shaking does not mean upsetting. Some of us may have felt our faith a good deal 'shaken' when we first read *Butler's Analogy*, just as corn is shaken in a sieve. There is a good kind of shaking and a bad kind of shaking; and my contention is that the sifting which advanced education cannot fail to bring about is really very profitable in the long run; it clears and strengthens our faith. How much better it is to have our difficulties sifted and cleared up than to go on not knowing the chaff from the grain, and always having misgivings that the grain *may* turn out to be but chaff after all!

I may be allowed to add here an earnest hope that as time goes on religious and theological study will be more definitely recognised as parts of education; for although our difficulties are partly met by University sermons and occasional lectures and addresses, yet it must be owned that there is still very much to be done in this department.

The majority of women are, however, and let us hope they will always continue to be, instinctively religious. They feel—perhaps without owning it to themselves—that in religion, and religion only, they can find that balance and self-control which highly-stimulated and sensitive natures can least of all afford to dispense with. It is evident, too, that the very absence of family ties and home duties must be compensated for by some power which exerts upon a larger scale the same influence and gives scope for the same exercise of the affections as those ties and duties formerly did; and it is no less obvious that the Church is the only body capable of so doing. Even when home ties exist, we cannot afford to dispense with the higher life; much more is this the case when there is no natural bond of union, and an artificial membership of a conventional society has to be substituted for the life of home. But, again, what is to be done? What mockery it is to talk of 'home life' for many young women nowadays, when the choice practically lies between starvation, a

mariage de convenance (or it may be a lot even more degrading), and doing something for oneself? And how providentially has it been ordered that, in an age of so much inevitable disintegration of the family life, the Church should step in and offer to these and other homeless ones—young men in the Colonies, for instance—the substance of which all earthly homes are but shadows! Such might echo the words—

'Fathers may leave us or forsake,
God's foundlings then are we;
Mother on child no pity take,
But we shall still have Thee.

'We may look home, and seek in vain
A fond fraternal heart;
But Christ has given His promise plain
To do a Brother's part.'

One other topic must be touched on, the question of Health.

Now I am going to be quite honest over this, and to say that I am fully aware that some girls do knock up. Among ourselves we have a current phrase which speaks of a particular age as 'silly seventeen.' And seventeen is generally, we find, *very* silly. It sits in wet boots, has an insane passion for draughts, thinks it interesting and refined to give up animal food, or indulges in the strongest tea (if procurable) at the most unseasonable hours, glories in working till 2 A.M., and in fact in doing everything that mothers, maiden aunts, and governesses have hitherto been able to prevent. Were it not that some girls are much older, and some much younger than their years, we should make a hard-and-fast rule never to admit students till at least eighteen years of age, and even as a general rule should be disposed to prefer nineteen.

Again, there are a good many well-meaning people who seem to think cleverness can be produced like sausages by some infallible mechanical process. And there are very many plodding

girls who think if they only work nine hours a day they will be sure to distinguish themselves in the end. Now experience shows that six hours (*including lectures*) are quite enough for any one to work daily. As a rule a clever girl will easily get on on this allowance. Every hour after that counts in most cases for loss and not for gain. It is one of the great misfortunes of the age that hardly any one seems to see no amount of rubbing will make tin into silver. Nothing makes people of everyday abilities more surely into bores than overmuch plodding, and we know it may be added to our cost that even the best silver gets thin and worn out in time if subjected to too much friction.

On the other hand, we could point to many cases where regular, moderate, and congenial study has had the best possible effects. For one woman who breaks down from over work, how many are there who fret themselves into fancied illnesses? Here, again, Nature should be our guide. If a girl loves study, let her have it; if she does not, give her something practical to do. There is a 'vocation' for a student's or a teacher's life as distinct as that for an artist's, a physician's, a nurse's, or a missionary's. Scores of girls who have no real aptitude are forced into the teaching-market now, or driven through a course of lectures and examinations; they often crowd out those who have real gifts and add portentously to the sum of human dulness. Their grammar is faultless, their subjects all properly got up, they know all about Oxford and Cambridge locals, sections, time-tables, but they cannot kindle a spark of enthusiasm, and even when reading the lines—

> 'Erquickung hast Du nicht gewonnen
> Wenn sie Dir nicht aus eigner Seele quillt,'

probably they only notice that substantives ending in *ung* are as a rule feminine, and that *eigner* is to be taken with *Dir*, and not with *sie*.

Should one word be added about Dress and Manners? I think

we are improving here. We are not so defiant and self-conscious as we used to be. There is not so much of the *fœnum habet in cornu* about us ; in fact, the wisps of hay are getting so small as to be almost invisible. Experience shows us that no woman who has to live with her fellow-creatures can afford to 'make a figure of herself,' and that whereas not one person in five hundred is qualified to sit in judgment on our attainments, every one is a critic of neat dressing, courteous, and modest manners, and that real high breeding which can only spring from the heart. Mothers, it is found, do not like their little girls to be taught by gawky, untidy, slovenly women. A lady can keep a class in order where a merely well-crammed teacher can do nothing. And it may be added that in a community of women living together, *without family ties*, good manners are the very salt of life. With regard to Oxford and Cambridge, I may add here that we have on the whole found that it does rather good than harm for students to have brothers 'up' at the same time with themselves. As Goldsmith said long ago, 'The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities adapted for mutual inspection,' and a sense of possible masculine criticism is by no means an unwholesome element in a girl's consciousness. Otherwise why do we not usually have some families all boys, and others all girls ?

I cannot refrain from adding in conclusion what I really consider to be the whole truth of the matter in a nutshell. It could easily be reduced to a series of syllogisms.

There are a good many women in England with spare time and faculties.

God must have meant them for something.

How are we to find out *what* He meant them for ?

Clearly by (*a*) educating them, and thus giving them a chance to develop their natural gifts, whether to be used in their own homes or elsewhere.

And (β) by training them to work in concert with others, especially perhaps with a view to some of the great charitable movements of the day.

I may also add that no system of education is adequate which does not constantly keep in view the end which Bacon put before us long ago: 'The glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.'

'Self-improvement' for self's sake is foredoomed to disappointment. On the other hand, the cultivation of talents, involving in some cases the pursuit of study *as a means to a higher end*, is surely not a matter of choice—a thing to be done or left alone as we please, but obedience to an imperative call from our Maker, which we cannot disregard, and which must affect in the long run, not only our well-being, but that of others known and unknown, from whom we cannot disconnect ourselves, 'for we are members one of another.'

JOURNALISM.

BY FANNY L. GREEN.

THE newspaper press has been called 'the grave of genius,' but there is no profession that demands more varied talent of its votaries from the generals of the craft—the editors—to the humble infantry who perform what is thought, by outsiders, to be the mere mechanical work of reporting.

A woman whose idea in 'taking up journalism' is to provide herself with an easy, lucrative and unexacting career, had better leave it alone. It is as arduous and engrossing a pursuit as any of the recognised 'learned professions,' law, medicine, and divinity. But it is one of the most fascinating of callings, and at present there are but few women who have gained a substantial footing in it.

The title of 'journalist,' like the allied term 'author,' is often used by budding aspirants who have no real claim to it, but the word legitimately covers a variety of *rôles*. The Institute of Journalists in its rules allows a wide scope to the term. 'A journalist,' it says, 'must be *professionally and habitually* engaged as editor of a journal; or upon the staff of a journal in the capacity of leader-writer, writer of special articles, artist, special correspondent, literary manager, assistant editor, sub-editor, or reporter; or in supplying journals with articles, illustrations, correspondence or reports.'

Into all these departments women have found their way, but there is still room for them, especially for those of their number

who take as their chosen particular field social and political questions of special interest to their own sex.

It is only of late years that the desirability of a special training for journalists has been recognised, and there are many people still, who think that pen, ink and paper, combined with natural talent, are a sufficient stock in trade for the embryo newspaper writer. The barrister must have acquired the legal knowledge sufficient for his 'call,' the solicitor have passed his examinations, the doctor have walked his hospitals, the clergyman have read for ordination; but the men who control the world's press stand in no need of special training. This is the popular opinion, and though I think it is an erroneous one, I should personally be very sorry if the examination principle were to invade journalism.

As a matter of fact, successful journalists do as a rule get a special training. They begin on the lower rungs of the ladder and work up to the top. The refusal of editors to take unsuitable 'stuff,' and the knowledge of men and affairs which comes from being—even in a humble capacity—'in the swim,' joined to their own talent and business habit of mind, are the means by which they climb. In the more literary part of journalism, such as leader-writing, eminence in the field of letters, and scientific or legal distinction accompanied by facility of expression, are often, indeed, a sufficient passport to the press for their fortunate possessors. But leader-writers form but a very small portion of the great army of pressmen.

The usual traditional course, then, for a woman who wants to be a journalist is to content herself at first with 'the day of small things,' and gradually fit herself by the experience that comes from effort and failure for more important work.

Many men gain a footing on the press as shorthand reporters, but comparatively few papers have women reporters on their salaried staff. *The Women's Herald*, which at its starting claimed

to be the only paper 'conducted, written and published by women,' in 1891 made an unsuccessful application for the admission of one of its staff to the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons. This proceeding occasioned considerable public interest, but while there is so little room in the Gallery for men who have already won their place, women must be content to comment on political affairs from 'Outside the Gallery,' unless they can get admission—as women, not as reporters—to the Ladies' Gallery.

Unattached reporters are usually known as 'liners,' though 'lining' strictly speaking is manifold paragraphing, or reporting supplied to several papers. It is from this source that the record of inquests, fires and accidents, and the chronicling of the smaller social functions of the day, often find their way into the papers. The remuneration for this class of work is not excessive, varying as it does from a penny to twopence a line; and the woman who makes it her mainstay is likely to degenerate into the purveyor of the thoughtless—but none the less heartless—personal paragraphs which are one of the worst features of 'the New Journalism.' No woman, however, need despise legitimate lining in view of the many interesting events which pass every day unchronicled. It is on record that the famous war correspondent of the *Daily News*, Mr. Forbes, once in his early days received ninepence for a paragraph of news he contributed to its columns.

Careful, accurate and intelligent verbatim reporting is not a bad introduction to a department of journalism in which women are making their mark—that of descriptive writing. At their head is Mrs. Crawford, 'the queen of journalists,' whose brilliant contributions to *Truth* and the *Daily News*—of which she is the special Paris correspondent—are better known than the chronicle and exposition of French politics she at one time contributed to the *Weekly Dispatch*. Harriet Martineau's 'Letters from Ireland' on the social and political condition of that country were a contribution to this field, and Miss Power Cobbe, Miss

Faithfull and Miss Billington, have all done good work in this direction.

As time goes on, and the newspaper grows more and more to aim at being a faithful reflection of the whole life of the nation, it is probable that descriptive writing will to a large extent absorb the department of reporting. The crisp and vigorous paragraph which gives the picturesque side of an occurrence, the main thread of a speech, already finds more readers than any accurate, detailed, but bald report. The great British public likes its meat spiced.

Here, then, is a field in which women may work with profit to themselves and advantage to the community, and in it, if they are wise and modest, they will seek to be not the rivals but the *collaborateurs* of men. At their hands they will in the majority of cases meet with perfect fairness, warm appreciation and generous help.

Leader-writing is one of the most influential and highly paid branches of newspaper work, but up to the present women have had but very small share in it. Probably there are very few of their number who possess the thorough training in history, philosophy, economics and politics, the mature judgment, and the power of clear, concise and forcible expression that made Harriet Martineau's work in this direction so valuable and successful. Mr. Hunt said of the leaders she wrote for the *Daily News* under his editorship: 'They are read in the clubs; they precede the debates and modify the *Times*.' For him and his successor, Mr. Weir—the 'master of the library of Europe'—this able *litterateur* wrote about sixteen hundred leaders. Their subjects 'cover the whole field of national and political action, philanthropic effort and agricultural statistics.' Jewish, Irish and American subjects, anti-slavery, economical and West Indian interests, Indian and educational reform, foreign politics, reviews of important books, were all dealt with by her in the

leading columns of the *Daily News* from her home in the Lake District, 'several hundred miles out of the way of the latest intelligence.' Miss Power Cobbe has written leaders for the *Echo*, and Miss Orme has performed the same service for the *Weekly Dispatch*. Leader-writing however, from the nature of things, cannot be entrusted to any one whose opinion does not carry weight with it. The leader-writer is in no sense a tyro in letters.

Women with a strong critical faculty, suitable training and a certain facility of expression, have several departments of criticism open to them. If they are specialists, like Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, they will find the columns of the papers specially devoted to criticism, such as the *Athenæum*, open to them. If human foibles are their subject matter, they may lash society from the pages of the *Saturday Review*, as Mrs. Lynn Lynton did in her amusing sketches, 'The Girl of the Period.' If art is their mistress, they may be art critics like Lady Colin Campbell, or they may combine criticism with description in the pages of the art magazines and reviews. Nor are the ranks of musical and dramatic criticism closed against women. Miscellaneous book-reviewing sometimes also falls to their lot, but this is a path that leads to neither fame nor wealth.

Sub-editing has been rather condescendingly declared to be a very suitable pursuit for women, because 'to a certain extent this is mere easy mechanism and quiet work,' but it demands judgment, a sense of proportion, and a business ability and training which are rather rare among women at present.

Perhaps more women have sat in the editorial chair. Madame Adam, of the *Nouvelle Revue*, is the most distinguished woman-editor now living. George Eliot, when she was at the head of the *Westminster Review* called herself 'a miserable editor,' but no one who examines the volumes of the review that appeared under her editorship will echo that opinion. The ideal editor has all the literary qualities of a successful writer,

together with a fineness of tact and knowledge of men and things that would bring him to the front in any profession.

'The New Journalism' has introduced the practice of interviewing—an effective mode of advertisement which has its enthusiastic upholders and its no less vigorous depreciators. It undoubtedly makes pleasant reading, and where confidence is not violated, and a depraved taste for personal puerilities pandered to, it would seem to be, on the whole, an unobjectionable way of giving information. A writer in the *Scots Observer*, however, has made the system the theme for an indictment of women journalists which is hardly borne out by facts. He admits that women are the best interviewers, and goes on to say that this success is due to the unscrupulousness of their methods. 'The woman interviewer,' he says, 'is determined to succeed. If her victim is a lawyer, she will take the name of one of his clients; if a doctor, she will call herself a patient; if a politician, she pretends to be the wife of his agent. In short, there is no lie to which she will not resort, and her conscience is so dead that she boasts of her methods when they have succeeded. It is the lady interviewers who ask their victim whether it be true that he is applying for a divorce, and what his proof is, and which is the stool his wife flung at him.'

Miss Emily Faithfull, whose work in furthering the employment of women in various fields has met with the recognition of a pension from the Civil List, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of her sex in this matter. She was frequently interviewed during the three tours she made in America, and her report is that the few interviewers 'against whom a reproachful word must be uttered were men, not women.' One gentleman, she says, did not scruple to knock at her door at a Chicago hotel, rousing her from a peaceful slumber, and since she refused to see him at that hour of the night, he printed an imaginary interview with her in the next day's paper. At San Francisco another

interviewer who was shown into her sitting-room discovered that it communicated with her bedroom; and though he was informed that Miss Faithfull could not possibly see him, as she was suffering from severe neuralgic headache, he proceeded to open the door, and say that he could put all his 'leading questions' in that fashion without disturbing her. A third journalist who was interviewing her, when she refused to give an opinion on a particular subject, said he should have to invent one for her. Miss Faithfull indignantly replied that she should contradict it if he did, to which he rejoined, smilingly, 'Ah, but that will not matter—my statement will be a day ahead of your denial.'

There is, then, a seamy side to interviewing; but in America nearly every person of any prominence from a social, political, or literary point of view, has submitted to be interviewed as the readiest and most popular way of getting the public to read what he wants it to know.

Special gifts are required for interviewing. A master of the craft, Mr. Frank Burr, claims that 'a man to be a successful interviewer must have a thorough knowledge of the world, touch elbows with every class of society, be a careful student of human nature, have a quick and trustworthy memory, good judgment, good faith, and an intelligence broad enough to thoroughly grasp any subject he is discussing with his victim. Good correspondents,' he adds, 'generally make good interviewers.' Miss Friedrichs, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is one of the best known women interviewers.

There is a large and increasing department of newspaper work about which I have up to the present said little or nothing—the work that professes to be written by women for women, though no inconsiderable part of it is at present done by men. Miss Low, of the *Queen*, and Lady Henry Somerset, of the *Women's Herald*, are, I believe, the only two women who edit 'women's papers.'

The *Gentlewoman*, the *Ladies' Pictorial*, *Mistress and Maid*, *Woman*, the *Lady* all have a man at their helm, though there are women on the staff of these papers who do useful work in paragraphing and contributing special letters and articles. The bright and breezy letters of Mrs. Humphreys, the 'Madge' of *Truth*, and the careful Women's Column contributed by Miss Faithfull to the *Ladies' Pictorial*, and by Mrs. Fenwick Miller to the *Illustrated London News*, are all devoted to the subjects in which woman is supposed to have a special interest, while the fashion article, both here and in America, is left almost wholly in the hands of the 'clothes-women.'

Journalism, as I have sought to show, is an art, and like all arts it can be taught, though there is at present only one School of Journalism in London where systematic instruction is given in all branches of the craft. Mr. David Anderson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose vivid picture of the Parliament of 1880—'Scenes in the Commons'—has met with wide appreciation, undertakes in the course of twelve months' practical tuition to make any well-educated person a thoroughly trained journalist. He has lately consented to read individually with women pupils, and women who in sober earnest mean to be journalists will save themselves much time and misdirected effort by availing themselves of his wide experience, his kindly interest, and his unbiassed critical faculty. 'The London School of Journalism,' founded by him, is in the Outer Temple, and the course of study covers paragraphs, reviewing, shorthand, interviewing, special and war correspondence, preparing telegrams, leaders, art and dramatic criticism, sub-leaders, sub-editing, and the writing of stories and magazine articles.

The Institute of Journalists, to which a charter of incorporation was granted at the beginning of 1890, admits women to membership on the same footing as men. Its general aims are stated by the President to be to make itself the organ and

mouthpiece of the whole body of working journalists, to furnish advice and assistance to those who need it, to ascertain and define professional customs and usages, to establish a code of professional honour which all its members will recognise and adopt, and to define and establish a recognised educational standard to which journalists will conform. The Institute demands of its members that they shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, and shall before joining have been engaged in actual practice as professional journalists for at least two years. It is a development of the National Association of Journalists, which was founded in 1884, and has already done useful work.

With regard to the vexed question of remuneration, journalism on the whole compares favourably with other employments open to women. It has this great merit. The woman teacher has longer hours and much lower pay than men who teach; but the woman journalist is as well paid for the work she does as if she were a man. Unless, however, she gets to be known and does really good work, her income will be a small one. Mrs. Humphreys is stated to have £500 a year for the weekly letters she contributes to *Truth*, and there are a few other women who are highly paid; but the woman who is content to do mediocre work in journalism, work that is distinctive neither in style nor treatment, will not earn much.

Some journalistic work, however, is highly remunerative. At the head of the English press is *The Times*. Some interesting particulars of the salaries earned by the staff of this great paper have been lately given by Mr. Cuthbert Hadden. None of its leader-writers have a retainer of less than £1000 a year, but they are not allowed to contribute even to magazines or quarterlies, though they may write books. The musical critic of *The Times* has a salary of £450 a year and seven shillings and sixpence for each concert he attends. The salaries given to correspondents

vary. M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent, is paid £3200 a year; the Berlin and Vienna correspondents have £2500 each; the correspondents at Rome and St. Petersburg respectively have the rent of a residence added to their fixed salary of £2000. The lesser correspondents, who do not, on an average, wire more than a dozen columns in the course of a year, have varying salaries. Senor Diaz at Madrid has £1000, Herr Lax at Brussels has £500, and though Mr. Heinrich at Christiania has only £250, his salary is at the rate of nearly £17 per message.

The salary of the editor of a London daily ranges from £1000 to £5000 a year, and a leader-writer's retainers from £500 to £1000. The leader-writers on the *Daily Telegraph* have a retainer of £800 a year, and its war correspondents a salary of £100 a month, with all expenses, when on actual service. Mr. Sala's 'Echoes,' which are published in a syndicate of papers, are said to bring him in £40 a week. For articles contributed to their columns *The Times* pays five guineas, the *St. James's Gazette* three guineas, the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* three to five guineas, and the *Globe* a guinea.

Physical health is an important factor in successful journalism. The journalist has often to rush from place to place, to snatch a hurried meal when time and opportunity offer, and to postpone sleep itself. It does not often fall to the lot of women journalists to be sent—like Miss Bisland, of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*—round the world at fifteen minutes' notice; but sudden and unforeseen demands are always liable to be made on their resources. Mrs. Crawford is said once to have left a great state ball in the midst of a terrific storm, and since the streets were deserted by the cabmen, to have rushed on foot, 'in satin shoes and delicate ball dress,' to the telegraph office in order to despatch a description of the function to London. Nor is the way in which her account of the debate of the 25th of May, 1871, and the defeat of the French Government reached England less

instructive to the journalistic aspirant. By special favour she was admitted to the front row of the *large grille* at Versailles, where she sat from seven in the morning to midnight, unable to move or take a single note. Then she returned to Paris, sat up all night writing, and by the early mail despatched the first full account of the defeat of the Government that was received in England.

NOTE.—For certain of the particulars of salaries and workers given in this article, the Author is indebted to papers which have appeared in the *Spectator* and *Echo*, and to Mr. Dawson's 'Practical Journalism.'

MUSIC.

BY ETHEL M. BOYCE, A.R.A.M.

ON first entering a musical college one is struck by the fact that the students seem to know and care for nothing but music. It is their work, their pleasure, and their eternal subject of conversation. More than this, the singers seem interested in singing, the pianists in the pianoforte, and so on, to the exclusion of the other branches of the art. Perhaps this is inevitable, but it tends to make the musician rather a distressing person to live with. Fortunately, there are exceptions, and these exceptions often make the most satisfactory musicians in the end.

No one should enter the musical profession who is not prepared for hard work in her student days, and, in fact, through the whole of her professional career; but this work is much lightened by having a good education to start with. The enthusiastic beginner is apt to grudge every moment which is not spent in acquiring *technique;* but what suppleness of voice or hand can compensate for the larger views, the keener insight into the subtleties of music, possessed by the really cultivated person?

As a question of making money, doubtless those parents are wise who wish their children to perform in public before they can speak plain; but we go and hear them as we buy strawberries in February, wondering the while whether the hothouse fruit is worth the cost of its production.

I have taught for some years as a sub-professor in a large musical institution, and have constantly heard girls say, 'Ah, if

I had only begun when I was younger!' Of course nothing can make up for years spent in complete ignorance of music; but I am convinced that all is not lost if music has held merely a secondary place in the scheme of education, and that it is not too late to enter the profession on leaving school, if a good ear and a clear head make up for the slightness of technical knowledge.

In thinking of music as a profession for girls, we must bear in mind the different branches that are open to them; they may become singers or instrumentalists, teachers or composers (the lady conducter is at present rare), according to their different qualifications. All girls, save the very timid, must feel the attraction of a public life. We have all been enraptured by the beauty of a well-trained voice, or carried away by the fire of a great performer. But we must consider the hours of practice, and, what is worse, the nervousness, and the struggle to get engagements, which all but the very great must pass through before they secure even a moderate success. A special train of mind, almost a special bringing up, seems necessary to make a good public performer; but, in many instances, the quiet music teacher, whose name is unknown, may be doing more to increase artistic feeling, and to further the love of really good music, than the brilliant concert artist, who, unfortunately, often plays or sings the merest claptrap. How can the people who frequent London 'At Homes' put up with the music they hear?—that is, if they ever listen to it, which seems improbable.

We know that good drawing-room songs can exist; have not Mr. Cowen and Miss Maud Valerie White given us ample proof of it? Then, why should the 'Whereas, whereas, oh, word of pain!' school flourish while better music hides its head, or is at best known only to the few?

Some weeks ago I was sitting in a little country inn in Germany, where the landlord and his brother had been delight-

ing their guests by playing the violin, and singing songs of Schumann and Brahms. An English lady volunteered to sing, and sang a drawing-room ballad by a well-known lady composer; both song and performance filled with that exaggerated sentiment which prevails at present. The Germans listened with pained faces, and the landlord said to me, 'Is that English music?'

How could I make him understand that the song was a drawing-room ballad, written to catch the public taste, probably with no thought of what a musician would think of it, and that in England it sometimes seems as if we had two kinds of music—music for musicians, and music for the public. Surely the more that people with educated and refined tastes join the ranks of musicians, and protest against the rubbish which is thrust upon them, the more will the standard of public taste be raised, and the reproach of 'an unmusical nation' be finally removed from us.

Behind the ranks of the unusually gifted, who sing and play because they must, come those who become musicians because they have no other special gift, or because they see in teaching music a means of gaining a livelihood. In teaching young pupils and careless pupils, personal popularity and influence are invaluable qualities, often possessed by people who are themselves but indifferent performers. Though the work be hard, and but too often badly paid, there is much pleasant companionship in the life of a music teacher, if she really takes an interest in her pupils' characters and progress. And though a brilliant pupil, to whom all seems easy, may win much honour for her class, I believe the teacher feels more real gratification in the steady progress of one who, but for her encouragement and sympathy, would have given up in despair. Unfortunately, there is not enough employment for the multitude of teachers, and some are obliged to work for an absurdly small remuneration.

Altogether I fear music teaching is rather a precarious way of getting a living for any girl who has not some private means to fall back upon, unless she is fortunate enough to get into a good school, or has influential introductions. In private teaching the number of pupils varies so much from term to term that there is an unpleasant uncertainty about the amount of the yearly income.

As to composition, that still more uncertain livelihood, few girls would be bold enough to say, 'I will support myself by composition,' and fewer still could do it. But as an opening for artistic enterprise it is certainly tempting, and, as yet, almost untried ground for women, as very few have attempted serious musical works.

I think few musicians would change their lives; in fact, there is a certain tone among them in speaking of 'people who are not musicians,' which conveys some pity for the rest of the world. Indeed, it is a pleasant thought that each in her small way is spreading the love of music, and helping others to enjoy and understand one of the greatest pleasures we have. Let us take a wider view of music than is often done, looking upon it as an art to be delighted in, in all its branches, and of which we should understand enough to make all interesting to us, even though we ourselves may be only proficient in a very humble matter. As was said by one whose professional status was lowly, but who had a soul above his position—I allude to the sublime Léon Berthelini—'Art is art; it is not water-colour sketches nor practising on a piano—it is a life to be lived!'

ART.

BY FLORENCE REASON.

MANY are the tales in which the heroine, in difficulties of one sort or another, turns to painting, and so finds a way out of them in a very short time. Have we not all read stories in which the heroine's sweet girlish figure—she's only seventeen—and the rapid touches of her brush—which she wields with the skill of a master who has been at work for forty years—fill the hero with amazement and admiration, as he suddenly comes upon this charming figure in the foreground of the landscape? Of course he has the opportunity very soon of rescuing the lady and her picture from a mad bull or a big wave, or some other natural phenomenon; and when the danger is over he gazes at the picture and exclaims, 'This is a masterpiece! From whom did you learn this manner of painting, combining the sweetness of Raphael with the majesty of Michael Angelo?'

To which she replies, 'Oh! I am so glad you like my little effort; *I taught myself!*'

Then the plot thickens; he goes away, she loses her friends, her money, everything, except her paints and brushes. With these she rapidly covers a large canvas, painting some easy little subject such as the Meeting of the Gods in Walhalla, or Joan of Arc leading her Troops to Victory; paints them without models, or 'properties,' or books of reference, or anything save her own imagination; sends the picture to the Academy, where the Hanging Committee exclaim as one man, 'This is a work of genius; let us hang it in the place of honour, with a wreath on

one corner of the frame'; and when the heroine wakes, on the first Monday in May, she finds herself famous. The dealers rush to buy the picture of the year, but it has already been seen at the private view by the hero, just returned from visiting the Grand Llama of Thibet, who has given him pockets full of gold; he purchases the picture which he recognises as the handiwork of the very young genius whose life he had saved. He gets her address from the catalogue, flies to her, and finds her as sweetly modest as ever, although all England is ringing with her praises. They are married in due course, and henceforth she devotes herself to painting only for the delight of her husband and friends, although the dealers go on their knees to her for examples of her work.

This sort of tale belongs, of course, to the past; no one would now think of writing or of reading such a story, so I need not warn girls with artistic inclinations that such things are impossible. The hero and the mad bull and the girl of seventeen may exist, but not the pictures. Most people are beginning now to understand that the power of painting even fairly well comes only after years of downright hard work to the majority of art students; and the exceptions are so few that it is wiser to consider oneself as one of the majority, and not as a genius. Now that Schools of Design are scattered all over the country, and a large number of people are consequently more able to learn what is bad workmanship and what is good, the untaught 'artist' has a bad chance. Even before this, those writers who aimed at giving true pictures of life did not attempt to give their heroines talent that was marketable. One of the most pathetic parts of that pathetic book 'Vanity Fair,' is that in which the unhappy Amelia tries to sell her drawings.

Student Life.

When a girl thinks of becoming an art student, the first consideration is—has she an intense desire to learn to paint or

to model? Without that strong desire she will fail, even if her talent be great, for the power of doing good work can only be obtained at the price of more patient drudgery than is needed for most other occupations. There is more hope for a girl with a very little talent and 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' than for one who has good natural gifts but who lacks industry and perseverance. And it is almost impossible to say whether there is talent or not until the power of working hard has been exercised for some time.

When it has been decided that a girl shall go to some School of Art, the question arises—Where is the best place to send her?

There are schools in connection with the Art Department, South Kensington, scattered all over the United Kingdom, the better-managed being, as a rule, in the larger towns. In London there are not only several Government Schools of Design, but many others, such as the Slade School, at University College; the school known as 'Heatherley's,' in Newman Street, etc., to say nothing of several 'studios,' which are really private art schools. My own impression, after seeing something of most of these schools and their students, is, that a large school is preferable to a small one, because it is likely to have a better staff of teachers, a larger number of students in all stages of development, and more advantages in the way of scholarships, etc. Last, but not least, among the points to be considered in selecting a school for a girl, is that of the liberty of choosing associates. It is much easier to limit one's acquaintance or to extend it in a large school than in a small one.

Each of the large metropolitan schools has some special advantage over the others, and is generally selected by its students on account of that one thing. But a girl who has perseverance and originality will find that she can get what she wants in the way of training at any one of these schools, very often learning as much from seeing the different methods of

work, the failures or successes of her companions, as from the instructions of the teachers.

The first lesson a beginner has to learn is the management of her tools and materials. The simplest of these—lead-pencil and india-rubber—are difficult to control. It is wonderful into how many places on the paper the point will wander before it will go near the right one, and what firm lines, difficult to rub out, it will trace anywhere but in the right track. Black chalk presents yet more difficulties to the student, although when once it is brought under control it is one of the most manageable of materials. Brushes and colours are the last and most troublesome tools to conquer; good workmanship in laying on the colour, either in oil or water, being attained by most people only after years of practice.

At the same time as these powers of work are being slowly acquired by the student, she has another and a greater difficulty to struggle with—she must learn to *see*. Most people who do not paint or draw take it for granted that it is only the ability to put colours on canvas or paper which distinguishes the artist from themselves, and most art students start with the idea that they can see as much and as well as the greatest of painters. But it is not so. The natural sense of colour is often so keen as not to require much training, but the power of seeing any but the most clearly-marked light and shade—such, for instance, as the shadow of a cart thrown on a sunny roadway—is one which very few people possess naturally; it has to be cultivated with extreme care by the teacher and by very appreciable efforts on the part of the student. It is difficult for an untrained eye to see, say, the light and shade which, on a cloudy day, make the trunk of a tree look round instead of flat, like this sheet of paper. Without that delicate light and shade, every curve in the outline might be correctly marked, every crease in the bark put in, and yet the drawing would look like a diagram, a map, not like a solid rounded

mass. To this appreciation of subtle degrees of light and shade the student slowly advances, beginning by learning to see the well-marked shadows on a white cast hung near a strong light—working day after day at one problem after another; finding out how to make an apple look round and a wall look flat, and how to represent all the many different degrees of curved surface which lie between a sphere and a plane. The drawings are generally made in black chalk while the student is learning the elementary principles of light and shade, but they can be done in lead-pencil or paint of one colour. From light and shade the student goes on to learn the use of colours, and, after much practice, to mix her pigments rapidly and almost without conscious effort, to match the colours of her subject. Slowly she learns to see the greys of which, when she began, she was perhaps almost unconscious; learns to see the difference between the colour of a glossy light and a dull one, on objects of the same colour; learns how, when one colour is put next another it looks quite different from when it was on her palette; learns how limited is the scale of colour in her box, and how, by artful management, those colours which look dull beside the sunset sky, yet shall give an impression of the brilliancy of that sunset when they are contrasted with others on the canvas. All her life the artist will be learning more about light and shade, more about colour, more about the beauty of form; the world to her will be an ever more and more beautiful place, for she will see more and more of the beauty that is in it, the beauty that can only be seen after the patient breaking away of many thorns of difficulty, after many an hour of watchful effort to see what seems so elusive. And the training for this begins in the art school, in the room full of easels, and boards, and canvases, where the casts from the old Greek marbles stand, in their wonderful colourless beauty, among the English girls full of life and brightness, who make themselves aprons of many colours and (some of them) in the fulness of time, an income and a name.

The working-day in the school in which I was trained was nominally from 10 to 3 o'clock, but all who held scholarships or who had shown themselves specially hard-working began at 9.30 A.M. and drew until 4 or 5 P.M. There was an interval of half an hour for lunch, when, at the sound of a gong, we all trooped down to the luncheon-room. How our tongues wagged, and what experiments we tried in cookery! We chattered about all sorts of subjects, grave and gay; we helped each other over difficulties in perspective or anatomy, and, happiest theme of all, planned sketching expeditions for the summer holidays.

Those were happy times, but had to come to an end. Some of us went from the School of Art into the Royal Academy Schools. This is the best, almost the only thing to do in England, in order to get helped over the difficult passage from the stage of student to that of artist. It is difficult to obtain admission to these schools, as the competition is very keen and the number of vacancies few. The works which have to be sent in before the student is admitted as probationer are such as can only be done after long and careful study, and recently the Academicians have limited the competitors to those under twenty-three years of age. The majority of the students of the Royal Academy are, of course, well on their way to be entitled artists, and it is a great privilege to be one of this picked set of workers. The men-students have more advantages, both in the way of study and of substantial prizes, than the women-students, but the ladies have frequently carried off some of the more important medals and other awards in spite of their disadvantages. The latter part of the term of studentship is spent in a gradual metamorphosis from a light-hearted student into a sober, hard-working artist, with a studio of severely attic type, up many steep stairs, with very large windows in it, but with little else. One thing it always has if it belong to a lady, that is, a tea-pot and one or two cups and saucers.

And now that our student has become committed to the career of an artist we will consider her chances of success in—

Art as a Profession.

There are two things which seem to be the ends for which an artist works—money and fame. At least, these are the two which would be considered by 'parents and guardians.' Really, the artist works because he cannot help it; he can no more leave off painting than a bird can leave off flying when it has once learned how to do it.

As regards the earning of money; it is of no use to look forward to making a good income, or even a regular small one, by the sale of pictures, at all events until the painter has been at work for many years, and has slowly built up a sort of fame for herself. In some cases this comes rather more quickly. If a painter has the faculty of finding out and painting subjects which please the popular taste, there is sure to be a market found for them at once; even although from an artist's point of view they may be very indifferent works of art. But this happens to very few; the majority have to wait and to fail for many years before success comes to them. So that it is wiser not to reckon on making an income in this way. Most young artists earn their living by doing other things, of which the most usual are (1) illustrating stories for books and magazines, and (2) teaching drawing and painting. Each of these requires a special aptitude, and both want much patience. Either of them can be carried on while part of one's times is reserved for painting pictures. Beside these two methods of earning money, there are many bye-ways, such as chromo-lithographic work; designing Christmas cards and booklets; painting panels, screens and fans; drawing costumes, etc., for the papers devoted to that kind of thing. It is not very difficult to make an income of one or perhaps two hundred pounds in the year, if one is willing to do anything, small

or great, that is offered; and some women earn several hundreds in the course of a year. Portrait painting is perhaps the most lucrative of all branches of the artist's work, when one has become sufficiently well-known to get a succession of commissions for portraits. In any case, an income large enough to live upon can only be gained after some years of hard work.

As for fame, it is well known that she is a capricious dame, and shuts her eyes when she has a gift to throw away. The best work sometimes has to wait for recognition, while inferior pictures are becoming famous among the frequenters of picture exhibitions; but in the long run—a very long one sometimes—fame does crown the best works, although the hand that touched them into beauty may have vanished. Sometimes fame does not make a mistake to begin with, and the lucky artist enjoys all the pleasures and the drawbacks belonging to the career of a well-known painter. Read Thackeray's description of an artist—Thackeray, who himself wished to be a painter in colours rather than in words:—'Out of that bright light looked his pale, thoughtful face, and long locks, and eager brown eyes. The palette on his arm was a great shield painted of many colours; he carried his maul-stick and a sheaf of brushes along with it, the weapons of his glorious but harmless war. With these he achieves conquests, wherein none are wounded, save the envious, with that he shelters him against how much idleness, ambition, temptation! Occupied over that consoling work, idle thoughts cannot gain the mastery over him; selfish wishes or desires are kept at bay. Art is truth, and truth is religion, and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty. What are the world's struggles, brawls, successes, to that calm recluse pursuing his calling? See, twinkling in the darkness round his chamber, numberless beautiful trophies of the graceful victories which he has won—sweet flowers of fancy reared by him—kind shapes of beauty which he has devised and moulded.'

AUTHORSHIP.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

WE sometimes hear of amateur authors. What this means at the present day there is no knowing. In former times it was clear enough. It was the persons who had something to say and were desirous of saying it to the public at their own cost; nay, who thought it almost derogatory to accept any remuneration. Horace Walpole was the type of these.

But now there is no one who is not willing to obtain, if not appropriate, the profits of the sale that is hoped for as a testimony of success; and there are great numbers of writers, not always dependent on their earnings, but finding them an important addition to their income, and thus becoming more and more professional.

There is really no rule as to whence the impetus comes that leads to success. It is not always the sheer love of the expression of thoughts, or of setting the puppets of one's imagination to work, though this was so entirely my own case that I long believed it essential to the commencement of original composition that (as Mr. Keble used to say) one could not help it. But to dwell on women alone, how different was the motive in each case! Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, and the Brontë sisters, were all instances of the same kind of instinct, of need of expression; but Maria Edgeworth was the exponent of her father's thoughts, and her earlier works were exercises under his superintendence. Mrs. Trollope, now almost forgotten, but a considerable power in her day, wrote under the most unfavourable circumstances,

late in life, for actual maintenance, and at the bedsides of a dying husband and son. Yet her factory tale was in its way almost as effective a protest against white slavery as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was against black slavery; and Mrs. Beecher Stowe really only began to write by the advice of her mother-in-law, who thought her strength and ability wasted in trying to make puddings and mind three baby children at the same time. It was from no burning partizanship of the negroes that she began the story, but the facts grew on her after the serial was started. Her other books show her to have had real power and imagination. Mrs. Gaskell began as a distraction to her mind after a heavy domestic grief, when her youth was over, and thus learnt the charm and developed the faculty. Breadwinning actuated George Eliot's earlier work, so likewise Dinah Muloch (Mrs. Craik) and Louisa Alcott, both of whom worked up through mere 'pot-boilers' to success. Miss Alcott was found a year or two ago to be the most popular author in America, judging by the amount of sales, but it remains to be proved how far this was an ephemeral matter.

One very unpalatable piece of counsel I would give. Do not try to publish very early in life. Many people have a gift of narration, and when they have plenty of leisure, they are much inclined to use it; and there is no reason against their practising it in home MSS. and competitions, but at the very best, they are really incapable of using it to the fullest effect without some experience. Their knowledge of life cannot help being limited, and if taken from books, their work is imitative. They may have indeed the noble freshness that depicts a character after an ideal standard, but if they make him and his doings impossible, the effect is destroyed. Or else they ramble into the commonplace for want of knowing that the notions, to them pathetic and lovely, are the most hackneyed. The real idea, if there be any good and original germ in it, is wasted by being put forward

with inadequate powers, and cannot be used for fear of repetition when after-years have given the faculties needful for carrying it out.

Meantime, it is quite well to write. Translation is excellent practice. I once translated the whole of Manzoni's 'Promessi Sposi' for a very fastidious man to read and enjoy it. When I returned to writing original stories, I found my facility of correct composition greatly improved. Translation, as regards the purse, is not apt to be profitable, and those who expect to depend on it are often sorely disappointed; but if carefully executed, not too literally, yet not too freely, it is excellent training. It has the advantage, too, of drawing the translator out of habits of slip-slop.

Almost all the writers we have enumerated had the training of letter-writing in a time when it was disgraceful not to write a grammatical letter, with something positive in it. They did not scratch down a little careless slang, but felt it due to the recipient, who bore the expense of postage, to say something worth having. Thus they learnt the habit of thinking and writing good English, and it occurred to them without effort. Questions are sometimes asked about style. Good grammar and attention to punctuation, with a little common sense and avoiding of repetitions, ambiguities, or abrupt turns, are the secret of style. To read aloud and mark what jars on the ear, or is liable to be misunderstood, is a great help. A real kind, critical listener is the chief benefit, really the chief of all, but even Molière's old woman is better than nothing. One's own ear may be awake to blunders, even if the critic be perilously admiring.

And of all things to be avoided is any kind of ready-made facetiousness. Allusions to Scripture, such as 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' or 'the last state of that man is worse than the first,' are absolutely profane, and can only be excused by supposing the writers ignorant or thoughtless; but there are

many others adopted as a sort of cheap liveliness; for instance, 'slept the sleep of the just,' was, we believe, once a clever turn in a French book, but it has come to be used merely for slept soundly, and amuses no one, any more than does, 'the light fantastic toe' in a county paper's account of wedding festivities.

Mr. Besant recommends writing poetry (not always for publication) as a training in rhythmical expression. He is right; it is a help to good prose, and the masters of the art wrote prose that may be actually read as poetry; witness 'The Rose and the Ring,' and Dickens's higher descriptive pages. But let no one try to publish poetry, even in a parish magazine, without trying it by the rules of measure and metre. 'Native wood notes wild,' may, by the help of a tolerable ear, and likewise imitation, sound well for some time, especially when they are an unconscious parody of a familiar hymn; but by-and-by comes an unmanageable word or thought, which is crammed by the head and shoulders into the unfortunate stanza which has to swallow it. Half our aspirant poets do not know that verses ought to be capable of being scanned, and as to their blank verse, it is prose measured off in lengths. To put down verses as they rise in the mind or fancy, by the ear, is a very pleasant occupation, and even more, it often relieves the mind of strong feeling, whether high, meditative, or sorrowful. If so, it has the soul of poetry, but it cannot have the body without conforming to rule, any more than a sweet voice and good ear will make a real singer without knowledge of music. Whoever wants to make any real use of poetic talent, should try the compositions by rules, such as are to be found under the head of 'Prosody' in an Encyclopædia, and in one of the National Society's manuals, 'On the Art of Teaching English Literature, No. 1; by Canon Warburton.' The cost is eightpence. It would be no small benefit to editors if all would-be poets would try their verses by the rules here given.

There are books, generally the first works of some really powerful person, written in *gaieté de cœur* or with real meaning. Such are many books now classics; and later, 'Peter Simple,' 'Harry Lorrequer,' Southey's 'Doctor,' 'Pickwick,' which carry one along by their swing, without much plot. 'John Inglesant' may be numbered among these, perhaps, but as a rule a plot is needful, a central aim, to which the characters must work, and which has to produce its fruits. Even a child's book, in spite of the beloved examples of Frank and Rosamond, needs to drive at something definite, and indeed, in Rosamond, each chapter is a little, well-pointed tale in itself, only all strung on the same heroine.

Another thing required of an author is summed up in a verse of Ecclesiasticus: 'Be not ignorant of anything in a great matter or a small.' Verify whatever you may have set down. Then we should not have full moons twice in a month; Orion shining on summer evenings; birdsnesting in September; primroses and poppies in the same nosegay; rattlesnakes in India; potatoes in Italy before the discovery of America; cygnets shaming the whiteness of their parents; ladies smelling lovely bouquets of sea anemones, or a philanthropic glow-worm, anxious to be of use, lighting the epitaph on a headstone in a consolatory manner; and lucifer matches in the days of John Wesley.

Methods and ways of working vary, and no rule can be laid down. Some can write best by dashing on, and correcting afterwards; others go step by step; some plan out the contents of every chapter, as did Harriet Martineau; some go on as the characters lead them; some can only write when in the vein, others can perform their daily task, like Trollope, without dependence on mood. The point is really the pains, the polish, and the conscience of the work; and by conscience there is much implied. There is the resolution to let no need of gain lead to pandering to the popular taste when it is for evil; the determin-

ation to deal with nothing but what is purifying, truthful, and elevating; the further withstanding of temptations to irreverence, and the honesty of giving thoroughly good, sound, unscamped work, such as may not swell the flood of worldliness and evil.

Woman can often speak with great effect to her own generation, even if her achievements do not obtain lasting fame, and this should be her aim. I have written hitherto only of her work in fiction; where she can deal with more solid subjects, her pen can be most valuable. Essays like Anne Mozley's, histories, memoirs, science teachings made comprehensible to the popular or the childish mind, all these are subjects in which women can worthily excel. A good school book is a very profitable article till it is superseded, as it is sure soon to be in these days of progress.

For now we come to the business side of the matter. Mr. Besant has written excellent advice to authors, and experience for self and friends fully confirms what he says: the first start is a difficulty, but real merit will in time find its level.

Magazines seem, at first sight, the safe region for trying the wings, but they are so overcrowded that rejection often only means that there is no suitable opening. A paper of any superiority is, however, sure to find entrance somewhere, but there is a profusion of writing 'ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning,' and a good many refusals generally (though not always) show the MS. to be of this quality at least. The same may be said of offers to publishers. Some decline because their hands are full of other matter of the same kind, or because the subject is not in their own line, so that it is better to try, try again and again.

But on no account let eagerness to gain a hearing induce a novice to undertake to advance a sum for the printing or publishing. Such a plan does not, as a rule, come from the superior and trustworthy houses. They take a book on their own risk or not at all, and there are, unhappily, many cases on

record where the aspirant has not only never had any return for the money laid down, but has never seen any more of the production itself.

A person who has no veteran *littérateur* to advise and direct the first venture, will do best to consult the Authors' Society. The address is 4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the subscription a guinea a year, and there a candid opinion may be obtained as to whether a MS. is worthless or marketable, and, likewise, where it may be best and most safely disposed of. There is a fee for having a MS. read, but this is well worth paying to spare hope deferred in the case of a mediocre one, or to assist a worthy one.

When a paper is accepted by a magazine, it is desirable always to be clear whether the payment is for first appearance or copyright. This differs in many cases, and it is wiser, except in special instances, to retain the copyright, though at some sacrifice of present gain. If the author arrives at the honour of 'collected works' it is very troublesome to have to deal with varied claims of passing publications, and worse still to see their reappearance with no control over them.

Literature, like other avocations open to women, is all the worse for those really dependent on it, because they are undersold by those to whom remuneration is unimportant, and this out of ignorance and desire to gain a hearing. Therefore, it is right to insist on a fair price, and not to close in haste with any offer for less. Magazines have stated tariffs for the writing in their pages, and this will enable one to estimate the value of his works; but name, fame, and success go for so much that first undistinguished efforts can only bring moderate profits, unless they make a *hit.*

It is wiser to have agreements looked over before signature by an experienced eye. Such, the Authors' Society offers, and it is invaluable in preventing errors, and—where the house is

not one of the great ones, free from all suspicion—in keeping a check on the publishers. Coleridge and Southey spoke of the 'thriving bookseller' as like him

> 'who sate like a Cormorant
> Perched on the tree of knowledge.'

And the unguarded now and then receive circulars sent forth from varieties of cormorants' crags, which they would do wisely to consign immediately to the waste-paper basket.

The accredited means of publishing are either selling the copyright at a fair price, which of course is all that the author can ever expect, or—which is the method most in favour for a young untried writer—for the publisher to take the whole risk and half the profits, giving the other half to the author. This involves no loss to the author, and often is very satisfactory in the hands of any one of the higher and more honourable men of the trade. But there is a possibility with others of heavy percentages on sales, and charges for advertisements which mulct the author heavily. Sometimes the publisher offers a royalty—a round sum on a specified number of copies—and after they are sold, a fixed amount for each copy in proportion to the price; but this is not often done unless the author's name is a guarantee, or the subject is one certain to command popularity.

Again, the author can publish at his own expense, allowing a percentage to the publisher, and inspecting the accounts, but this is unsafe except where the author's position is established, or—as sometimes happens in the case of books intended for distribution—where the work is to be sold at a price below the ordinary rate.

If none of these methods are open, there is nothing for it but either to decide that literature is not the vocation of the aspirant, or else to persevere till something is accepted, and the horsehair thus let down by which the beetle is to ascend!

Then come the proofs. How delightful are the first, how well

they are revised—probably with a pepperbox of commas ready to drop on them, and sheer delight and diversion in printer's errors! By the bye, printers evidently do not love either colons or semicolons, and many a sentence which ought euphoniously to be divided by the latter, is either made to drag on with an ineffective comma, or cut short off with a full-stop before the sense is concluded. Also, whether by their fault or the writer's is uncertain, the nominative absolute prevails. 'A fair evening, the trees all lovely green,' is no sentence, nor is, 'A fine lad with a roguish mouth and pug nose.' Every sentence must have a verb, or it is no sentence at all—a mere absurd interjection.

The book is out! Notices probably come in. They are not apt to be such as once they were—the fuller ones often valuable and instructive in the way of criticism, favourable or adverse. There is little time or space for such work now. One thing I would say: that it seems to me an unworthy thing to solicit a favourable notice. Surely one's book goes out to stand on its own merits, not to be pushed and puffed. The point is, to learn whether it is good for anything, and what mannerisms are to be avoided. Praise in a review is very delightful, but it must be unsolicited to be worth having. Sometimes people actually sent round in type their favourite sentences for the reviewers to insert! This is a really absurd puff, pretty certain to prejudice the critics.

On one side, it is better not to be too eager for reviews, or to pin one's feeling on them as Charlotte Brontë did when she cried all night over what was said of 'Jane Eyre.' On the other, it is not wholesome entirely to avoid the sight. George Eliot was not allowed to see unfavourable criticisms, and thus the chances of improvement were missed. Keats' death, through the 'Quarterly —savage and tartarly'—was a myth; and when Mrs. Wood made a malevolent critic slay a book and its author by writing in all the reviews and papers, she forgot how unlike they all are, and how

impossible the feat would be. Depend upon it, a good book will raise its head above censure, or, still worse, neglect, at the first. And when the name is made, come the trials of overmuch work, leading to carelessness and to requests for performances, more with a view to the space in the periodical than to the scope of the tale, often leading to conclusions spoilt by crowding of incidents and want of giving scenes their due development.

One thing more it may be well to say. There is at present a taste for sensation, and a certain conventional distaste for a moral, pure, and religious tone. It is a fatal thing to be led away by it. If for every idle word we speak we are to give account, how much more for every word we write? And setting aside this awful aspect: what is written without the salt of life does not live, or acquire fame. Even remuneration is only ephemeral. Evil is a dead weight, sinking the performance.

It is true that women's good heroes are apt to be called prigs. But be content to have them so. If you sacrifice your womanly nature in the attempt at the world's notion of manly dash, you only sacrifice yourself, and mar the performance, unless it is only a very slight sketch from the outside. A woman cannot do a man truthfully from within, any more than one nationality can represent another from within. And if the ideal given is often called a prig, it is because she is incapable of the '*Carle-hemp*' in part, and also in part, because a certain depth of self-respect and of self-assertion, often bordering on self-conceit, is really a needful weapon of defence in the midst of scenes of temptation. Boys and good poor people find it so. There is much to be said for the so-called prig; but if you find your hero growing into one, frankly own it, or else give him some lovable weakness.

THE STAGE.

BY GRACE LATHAM, AUTHOR OF 'READING AS AN ART.'

'In art you have to give your skin.'—FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THERE is, perhaps, no art which is at once so popular, and so little understood, as acting. It is recognised that steady, arduous training is required by a musician or a painter; the notion is still prevalent that any one with a memory need only walk on to the stage to be an actress. The grind of training, the labour it costs a theatrical company to produce a piece, is not known by the mass of an audience. Therefore, as this paper is written for those who, in the words of actors and actresses, do not belong to *the profession*, it will be necessary to point out in some degree in what the art really consists, as well as the preparation necessary for it.

The Vocation.—The girl who has got what her friends unkindly call 'a craze for acting,' has usually been dazzled by seeing a noted actress in a great part; the girl goes home, tries her wings in a farce or slight comedy in her back drawing-room or parish schoolroom; the audience are too courteous to be critical, they applaud, and soon her family is thrown into consternation by the announcement that she has determined to go on the stage.

With some girls this is merely the outcome of vanity, of an unhealthy craving for publicity and applause. To such it is kindest to say at once that they are without the true artistic spirit to support them under annoyances and mortifications such

as they have never dreamt of, and that to temperaments like theirs the danger of theatrical life is real and serious.

But with others this startling resolution means that they have found out they possess the dramatic gift, and it is for and to these that we are writing. Now there is no power more commonly found in a slight, or more rarely in a great degree; and it is only right to consider carefully, if it be simply enough to give you, and perhaps your friends, a good deal of pleasure; or the great gift, joined to a strong dramatic instinct, which is as much your natural method of expression as song to the bird or the brush to the painter. The desire of the present moment may quite pass away, though it seems strong now, and this, therefore, cannot be used as a test. Think whether the wish to give your life to the stage is a new one, or whether it dates from early childhood, long before you thought you had power that way. When you go to the theatre, are you carried away by the actor, or do you instinctively notice how he makes his effects, what poses he takes, what they express, and how he uses his voice? Do you unconsciously watch yourself and others, noting the intonations, looks, and gestures which convey ideas and feelings? Have you always acted more or less in your childish games? If this is so, you probably have the dramatic instinct; whether the power to use it is yours to any great degree, you can only prove by getting trained, and going on the stage.

This is a very serious step to take. A writer or painter may remain, to a certain extent, in her own natural surroundings; you will have to throw yourself out of your home-nest, and your defined position, into a world in which you will be less than nobody, and where you must make and keep your own place; and it is well to consider if you have endurance to go through a long training, and longer waiting to climb to any height. It is only in story-books that a *débutante* rises at one bound to the

top of her profession; if Fanny Kemble did so, she owed it to the well-earned fame of her family, and her father's position as a manager. The brightest genius, especially if she has no theatrical connections, may have to wait for years, like the elder Kean, to obtain parts in which she can prove her power to those in authority, and to obtain such a hold on the public, that it may be a paying speculation to give her an important character to play. Put aside the dream that there will be a rush to secure your services, or that you are going into a world where people live and work for art alone. They may, they often do, love their profession; but they work for their own and their children's bread and butter, just as a stockbroker or solicitor does; while the daily expenses of a theatre, the cost of staging a piece are so enormous, that managers must engage the people who will best fill their houses; so that, if you have genius, you must show that it is marketable before it will be any good to you. You will have to take a succession of insignificant, unsuitable parts, and—be thankful.

Again, you must face the probability, we will not say of failure, but of partial success; you have most likely dreamt of drawing London to see your Juliet or your Lady Teazle. Such triumphs fall to the very few, scarcely half-a-dozen in each generation, who are fortunate enough, as well as so gifted, physically and mentally, as to be able to gain them, and of these hardly one is really *great.* All this should be honestly thought out before taking the irrevocable step.

The Training.—You must now labour unremittingly. You are probably between seventeen and twenty-four years of age, and are still ignorant of your art when your career should have begun. From her earliest childhood the actor's daughter finds school, library, interest, ambition in the theatre; always in and out of one, she sees acting, hears the practical criticisms of the professionals, adds to the family budget by playing child-parts,

and picks up unconsciously what you will have to learn by slow degrees. So you must work hard.

The Art of Acting has these peculiarities: 1. That the physical personality of the actor forms the material in which he works. 2. What he produces does not endure to bring him fame at a later date, its full and only effect must be made at once, and is then over for ever. 3. He can do nothing without the co-operation of his fellow-actors and of the audience—a seething, restless mass, whose attention is liable to be called away at any moment.

The grand aim and object of your training is therefore to cultivate and subdue your body, your quivering nerves and muscles, so as to be able to express *exactly* what you wish at a given moment with perfect accuracy. Night by night you must practically make your work of art afresh under the eyes of the public, and though you may study a part slowly and thoughtfully, its execution must be rapid and unhesitating; every intonation, every movement must convey a definite meaning; the least vagueness or uncertainty in your work will be at once perceived by the audience, and you will lose your hold on them. There is no use in depending on the feeling of the moment to pull you through; it may help you, but in sickness or trouble it may fail you altogether, and it must always be guided and held in check.

In England we have no recognised standard or school of acting as in France, so that you will have to get the various branches of your art education in different places, and you must do a great deal for yourself, by systematising what you are taught, and filling up the gaps in what you have learnt in one quarter from another.

What you have now to find out is what the tools are with which you must work, and how to use them.

Every bodily feature you possess—for instance, your general

appearance, the flexibility of your features, the shape of your mouth—are either valuable gifts to be used to the utmost, defects to be counteracted, or wants to be supplied; and while a characteristic may be almost indispensable to you in one part, it will forbid your succeeding in another, unless you can subdue it or triumph over it.

Begin by studying elocution; in other words, by *training the ear and voice.* The ear to recognise and remember, so that you can reproduce at will the tones, half-tones, and quarter-tones which are on the scale of the speaking voice, the many qualities of sound it can produce, which answer to the *timbres* in singing, the intonations which come to it when influenced by surprise, joy, etc.

The voice to be obedient to the directions thus given it; by patient, steady exercise to increase its power, its compass, to bring out its many tones and special good qualities. You must learn to pitch it, that even a whisper will carry over a wide space, how to inspire deeply, and to economise your breath. Your articulation must be taken in hand; it is probably slovenly and indistinct, or you have family peculiarities; you can allow yourself none, except what you deliberately assume for a part; in fact, you must learn to speak all over again. Take lessons from some old actor, who will teach you to read parts, and will give you the traditions, good or bad, of the actresses who have preceded you in them. Listen to them all, and observe narrowly how he uses his voice, and in what manner he makes his effects.

The Body.—At the same time you must learn to walk, to stand, to sit, to hold yourself perfectly; you must become lithe, active, graceful, that either in repose or in rapid movement your body may have the beauty of harmony. A Juliet who shuffled when she walked, a Lady Teazle who poked, a Rosalind who waggled her shoulders and elbows when she ran, would lose

their distinctive characters and become ridiculous at once; here again peculiarities must be kept for special uses. You must study to express character and feeling in pose and movement.

For these purposes get yourself drilled, take first-class dancing lessons, telling your master the purpose for which you are studying. The Polish Mazurka, the Tarentella, the Minuet de la Cour are splendid training for the body for lithesomeness, agility, and expression, even if you never have occasion to use them on the stage. Fencing is almost indispensable, gesture quite so. The great difficulty which will meet you is that in private life you have been rightly taught to control your feelings and their outward expression; you will seldom or never have seen strong emotion. In sudden calamity your first thought is to be calm and practically useful, and you probably seem cold and very quiet; but if you were *literally* to reproduce this upon the stage, you would express nothing whatever to the audience. The stage, for the most part, deals with the exceptional occurrences of life, and you will have constant necessity for strong expression, while its very unfamiliarity will make the signs by which you are taught to portray it seem unnatural, and what you will call *theatrical.* You can only overcome this by studying the people and classes, children, for example, who show feeling as it arises, and act under its impulses.

Stage Deportment is another and an important branch of your education—the innumerable technicalities which govern your behaviour on the stage itself. The right method of coming on and going off, how to make a cross, which hand or knee to use, how to turn, to group yourself with others, to dress the stage, etc. Most people learn this while they are at work, but it will save a great deal of time if you know something of it beforehand, as, now that we have lost our provincial stock companies, which served as schools of acting, and play the same character in the same piece night after night, this sort of knowledge can only be picked up

very slowly. Very few people will take the trouble to teach it, but you will find Mr. Charles Daly, of 8, Overstone Road, Hammersmith, a most helpful master in practical stage-training.

The Waiting Time.—The next step is perhaps the most difficult of all—to learn to apply your education. As soon as possible get an engagement in a travelling company which is taking out a London drama to tour in the provinces, or better still, into that of an actor or actress who is going to star in the country in half-a-dozen pieces, for there you will get more parts and a better chance of new ones; what you want is practice and experience. If an engagement offers, break off your lessons and take it; you can go on with them when you come back. You will get a pound or thirty shillings a week at first, will have to find your own board, lodgings, and costumes, but third-class railway fares will be paid you, and your luggage will be conveyed with that of the rest of the company.

You will feel utterly lost when you first step before the footlights. All the pretty little ways which have charmed your friends will fall quite flat. Don't be discouraged; it only means that you do not understand the kind or amount of effect needed in so large a space, and the conditions of acting in private and playing in public are totally dissimilar. Not only must effects for the stage be exaggerated, or rather magnified, according to the style of piece and the size of the building in which you are playing; but we do so many things in real life which are either inexpressive, or unnecessary to a clear representation of the matter in hand, that no literal reproduction of an event will ever tell its story clearly and dramatically on the stage. Something of this you already know, but practice only can fully teach it you. Take all the parts you can get hold of, no matter how unsuitable, and see what you can make of them—they will be all too few. Your business here is not to stand on your dignity, but to learn to apply the *technique* you have been studying, to find out what

you can do and are fit for, to make your experiments, your failures, which, it is to be hoped, will lead you to success; at present, you will discover, you are only a very raw novice.

You will find your present existence very curious, and quite unlike anything you have ever known before. Three days in one town, a week in another, a night in another. Starting the moment the piece is finished, catching the last train, and arriving in the early morning in some strange town, the following day being spent at rehearsal, and possibly in getting a dress ready in a hurry for a new and unexpected part; or else you may be travelling all Sunday by slow trains, with many changes, and getting in late at night. Rushing off to rehearsal, hoping you may get back before the dinner you have ordered is quite spoilt. New scenes, new occurrences, new classes, new characters, will daily pour in upon you; *l'imprévu* will be the order of your life, and everything you see should be so much material to you for future use.

To many minds the freedom of the life is an intense attraction. Here to-day and gone to-morrow; falling in with new companions, and for a few days or weeks being thrown with them in the utmost intimacy, then parting, probably for ever, but leaving you with the impression that you have learnt to know them more thoroughly than you could do after years of ordinary acquaintanceship.

It is hardly possible to be an actress and not also a student of human nature, and the stage affords a delightfully wide field for observation; not only fellow-professionals, but all the people in, about, and connected with the theatre, all the outside folk, landladies and others, with whom it brings you in contact; you see them too from such a different point of view.

Ordinary ladies' lives are so hedged about with conventionality, that, in the words of dear old John Parry's song, 'They never express themselves quite as they feel,' and in consequence,

except in their own immediate circle, they live in a kind of mist which it takes a wise woman to penetrate. Once out in the world this disappears, and though with it a good deal of the soft, comfortable padding of life goes too, yet you are in an infinitely superior position for the observation of character.

You have become a working woman, valued for what she can do and be. The people you meet will show you their real selves; will openly love you, hate you, fight for or with you, and in a few months you will get experience you would never otherwise gain. The class barrier is removed; your landlady will treat you as her equal, and will tell you all her concerns, without the reservations and exaggerations with which she might recount them to the district lady. Each town brings you perhaps a new friend, always a fresh study.

This is what you need. How can you represent many varieties of human nature, under all kinds of circumstances, when you only know one class? Even if you are able to divine much, you must have some kind of positive knowledge to start from.

It is only in superior companies that the agent in advance finds you rooms before you arrive, and, unless you have been able to secure some by writing, when you get into a new town you will have to wander up and down the streets, perhaps in pelting rain, and knock at every likely door.

'Can I have lodgings here?'

'Be you play-actors?'

'Yes.'

Bang! The door is slammed in your face.

A little farther—

'Do you let lodgings?'

'Not to folk who travel on Sunday; you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!' Quite a likely answer in some places.

You try again. This time the door is opened by a pale,

depressed woman. You see the rooms; they are very dirty, especially the bedding. But you are too tired to go any farther, and ask—

'How much for the two rooms?'

'Fourteen shillings a week, with fire, lights, and cooking,' and you discover how wonderfully little it really costs to live. You agree; the baggage man of the company sends up your luggage; you wonder if you can get into that bed, but you do, and you survive, and go away feeling sure your money came in handy for the rent. The next experience is pleasanter. A bright little woman takes you in without hesitation. She is just married to a tradesman, and the way to the lodgings is through the shop and back-parlour. Her one anxiety is lest her new furniture should be spoilt, and when she sees you are careful she does her utmost for the lodger's comfort; tells you all about her life in service, her courtship, marriage, and future hopes. Then perhaps you fall into the hands of a character—a gaunt, hard woman, with a meek husband creeping silently about the house. She won't let you use her good knives until perfectly satisfied as to what you are like, orders you to be in early, and charges into your room whenever she hears you put coal on to the fire you have paid for. She has a small niece, whose hair she combs viciously, who will grow up exactly like her, and whom she brings in to sing to you in a twangy, pipy voice—for she is proud of her. There is a small servant whom she drives about all day, but is very jealous of your asking anything of. Still she likes you, and you part excellent friends.

It will be said 'This is a life of hard work and self-denial. Is it worth the trouble?' Most certainly it is. All work worth doing involves labour and self-sacrifice, and all beginnings are hard; but to the artist the very training is delightful. The sense that day by day you are learning to produce your effects with greater certainty; the gradual discovery of your gifts of voice, feature

and movement will make you feel as though, for the first time, you could speak, and say out all that had been struggling for utterance in you. On the boards the feeling that your whole being is working harmoniously, fulfilling the object for which it was created, the expression of thought and feeling through the medium of the body, is exquisite, unalloyed delight, which an artist would go through any hardship to obtain. This is the real artistic attraction of the stage, which is so irresistibly strong, and yet which few outsiders can understand.

When your tour is over, and you go back to town, try for a fresh engagement. Meanwhile play in *matinées*, entertainments, benefits—anywhere or anyhow for more practice.

Go on with your *technique* training, have lessons, go to the theatre and study different schools of acting of all nations—not to imitate them, that is fatal, but—to learn their *technique*, their method of expression, that you may build up your own on it.

This, the mechanism of acting, you can be taught—nothing more ; but it is all important, standing in the same relation to the art as the builder's tools do to the completed edifice. Until their proper use is learnt, the material cannot possibly be employed to advantage ; and only when you can use yours, with the perfect freedom and accuracy which comes with habitual dexterity, will the great gift that is in you have full power to work and perfect itself.

All the rest—the soul, the life, the fire, the art—must come from yourself—from daily observation of life and character, till you discover the secrets of the human heart and the outward signs by which they are expressed, and from your power of simulating them. The art of acting is the dramatic representation of the human being, his passions, sentiments, or peculiarities under given circumstances. Patiently teach yourself to reproduce your observations in dramatic fashion, choosing and arranging what you need, to exhibit them to an audience, and rejecting the

rest. To a great extent real art is the power of selection; but every true artist retains different things, according to the nature of his mind and talent. Then, by experiments on your public, find out if what has seemed clear and definite to yourself is so to them. Try to extend your range; don't devote yourself exclusively to a single line of business, even if your talent lies only in one direction—enrich it by studying beyond it. This is no easy life. In the words of François Millet, the great painter of peasant life in France—'In art you have to give your skin.' But how intensely fascinating it is, the artist only knows.

For the rest it is only possible to say that you must never lose an opportunity of gaining an acquaintance or a useful friend; never, unless driven to it, make an enemy. While holding your own, be pleasant and obliging; don't get the name of being touchy, quarrelsome, difficult to work with. Remember the proverb, 'Silence is golden'—hear everything and say nothing. Make an impression wherever you can, and push yourself in every possible manner; you have got to get known and to make your reputation with the profession, and then to build up your outside public. Don't be too proud to play in insignificant places and in small parts, and don't think too much about their being out of your line—unless you know you must make an evident failure in them. They will give you practice, the great need nowadays, and may lead to something more.

A dramatic wave is passing over the land, as it did in the time of Elizabeth. Young men and women are rushing by thousands into the profession; but there are not playgoing people enough in each town to support more than a certain number of theatres, which, in their turn, can only give employment to a certain number of professionals, so that the struggle for artistic existence among them is a hard one, in which, not only the incapables, but many a decided talent has to go to the wall. Naturally those in possession try to keep others out, and give the openings they

cannot use to friends already in the business, to those connected with it by relationship or association.

If you have no theatrical influence or connections, and one of your reasons for becoming an actress be the necessity of literally earning your daily bread, the chances against your making a living, as things are now, are too many for it to be worth your while to make trial of the profession. The child of a scene-shifter or a super stands a better chance than the most charming, talented, and highly-educated outsider. Besides, a woman has not the power of pushing herself that a man has.

If you can put bread in your mouth during the waiting time, make the attempt, and see if fortune will be kind to you, and if you can pick up help and influence enough to give you opportunity to prove your ability to the public. You will have a hard fight, but others have succeeded, and so may you.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

BY CAROLINE W. LATIMER, M.D.

THE admission of women to the study and practice of the profession of medicine has been for about fifty years a debatable ground for partisans on either side; and it is only within the last few years that the subject may be considered to have been at last decided. The question, as it now stands, is no longer whether a woman who has chosen the medical profession in any of its branches as her work in life, is entitled to receive a suitable education, and to find in it a fair field in which to labour; the education, if she desires it, is within her reach; the opportunities to exercise it are no longer denied to her. She will stand or fall in the future by her own merits, and it is now time to decide whether she is able to fill worthily the place which has been accorded to her, and whether the result of the freedom of choice and action, which is now hers, will prove to justify the claims which have been urgently brought forward in its favour by the advocates of a medical career for women. It is under this aspect that I wish to consider the subject, as well as to bring forward a few of the points which, from my own experience, I feel sure should receive the most careful consideration before the choice of medicine as a profession is made.

In the first place, it cannot be too strongly urged that it ought never to be undertaken from motives of a pecuniary nature. It is greatly to be regretted that a certain number, at all events, of both men and women in the profession are actuated, to a greater

or less extent, by these sentiments, and that, from first to last, their chief object seems to be to obtain the exact amount of education which will authorise them to receive fees, at the least possible expenditure of time and money; and, having once attained the degree which legally entitles them to do so, they no longer consider it worth their while to make any further effort towards pursuing their education, unless they can see some immediate pecuniary return as a result. Doubtless the labourer is worthy of his hire, and those who work faithfully and conscientiously in this, as in any other profession, are entitled to receive from it an honourable support; but it may be long before even this result is reached, although a woman standing on the threshold is perhaps more fortunate in this respect than a man under similar circumstances, for, as their numbers are comparatively small, the competition among them is not so great, and success, if it be hers, is sooner attained.

Of the various elements which enter into combination to form that success, the most essential is the possession of a really good education, not in medicine alone, but comprehending a thorough preliminary training in science as well as a knowledge of other subjects indirectly bearing on scientific work. Such an education should always, if possible, be obtained at college, not only because the habits of study acquired there are of great importance, but because the necessary laboratory work cannot easily be supplied elsewhere; the possession of a diploma from a college of good standing is also of value, and will sometimes save its possessor from the strain of further examinations. A collegiate education, however, valuable as it is, is not absolutely essential, as the requisite amount of knowledge can, of course, be obtained in other ways; but from whatever source it is derived, it ought to include, in addition to the ordinary English branches, a fair amount of Latin, a reading knowledge of French and German, and a thorough elementary training in physics, chemistry, and biology. A know-

ledge of botany is also useful, and there are occasions when a little Greek is of service; but their absence will not cause any serious inconvenience. In the increasing educational demands which characterise the present generation, it is often necessary (for we are but human) to select among several branches of knowledge those which will render us the greatest service, and when such a choice is to be made, nothing should be allowed to take precedence of the scientific studies. The ability to read French and German at sight is required in order to keep up with current medical literature.

It is true that very few medical colleges require so much preliminary education, as a necessary qualification for admission; but the work after entrance will be far easier to a woman who comes thus prepared; while any one who wishes to advance steadily in her profession, and to do scientific work in it, will find that, if she has not gone over the ground before beginning her medical education proper, it will be necessary for her to do so later, when it will be accomplished under great disadvantages. The work which is required during the years spent in studying for a degree in medicine is very difficult and laborious, and the better prepared a woman comes to it, the less she will be liable to suffer injuriously from its effects. Indeed, I believe that a large proportion of the cases in which the students have broken down in health from overwork, either before or after graduation, are due to the fact that they have entered upon their medical education with so little previous preparation, that they cannot follow the necessary course of instruction without over-fatigue.

In regard to the choice of a university in which to pursue an education in medicine, although there are excellent facilities both in Great Britain and the United States, the highest educational advantages are to be found, at present, at the foreign universities of Zurich, Basle, and elsewhere. At all of these institutions, women are admitted on equal terms with men, but such a system is con-

sidered, by many persons, to be open to very grave objections. I speak with great hesitation on this subject, as I have never seen the system of co-education in action among undergraduates, and I cannot but believe it to be most undesirable in colleges where the standard for entrance is low, and where the students, as a class, are, consequently, under-educated and unrefined; but the objections to it are certainly much lessened, if not entirely removed, by the existence of requirements for admission so severe, as to give assurance that those who possess them are earnest in purpose, mature in judgment, and have received the elevating influence of a superior general education. A medical education received at one of these universities, which are everywhere acknowledged to be the highest source, is of such value to its possessor, that any woman who contemplates making medicine her work in life, will do wisely to weigh carefully the advantages to be derived from it, before arriving at a decision in the matter. In regard to a choice among the various schools in Great Britain, I think nothing could be added to the statements given in Mrs. Penny's article on Women's Medical Work in India; and it is evident that, in order to enter any of those she mentions, as well as those on the Continent, a thorough previous education is essential. It is, of course, apparent that such an education as I have endeavoured to describe must necessitate a liberal expenditure of time and money. The amount of time consumed is not so great a disadvantage as might, at first, appear, for neither the study nor the practice of medicine is suitable for a very young woman; and if seven, eight, or even ten years are expended before she enters on the exercise of her profession, she will not be much under thirty years of age when she attempts it, and this is quite as soon as it is at all desirable, for her own sake, that she should do so. The matter is entirely different from its pecuniary side, and I fully appreciate how hard this barrier must appear to women whose heart is in their work,

who have chosen it from genuine love and enthusiasm, yet who find themselves constantly hampered, and in some instances completely arrested, in their progress from lack of the necessary means. When no other course is open, it is wiser to wait until it is possible to lay by a sum sufficient to obtain first-class education, rather than to enter at once upon an inferior one; but in some cases it is an excellent investment of a small amount of capital to expend it in procuring the best advantages which will in time bring their own return.

It may be objected that many physicians are both successful and respected whose education has been much below the standard I have given; and this is perfectly true, as it is also true that many children, whose moral training has been greatly neglected by their parents, do nevertheless become good and useful men and women. But their ultimate integrity and usefulness are the result of efforts made in adult life to conquer faults which should have been corrected for them in childhood, and to overcome bad habits which they should never have been allowed to acquire. Instead of starting on the race in life fairly equipped, and with an even chance for its honours, they are under a hard necessity which obliges them to exercise, in a constant restraint upon themselves, the faculties which should, legitimately, be fully employed in the service of their own necessities and ambitions. So is it in medicine; if a woman has entered its ranks without the necessary intellectual preparation, she will, if she is in earnest and respects herself, endeavour to supply the deficiency as soon as she perceives it by all the means in her power; but the effort to do so will be a great addition to her daily labour, and occasions will constantly arise when she will be forced to feel keenly that her work suffers in comparison with that of others more fortunate than herself, or that she is not fully able to enter into subjects under discussion, in which, nevertheless, she is deeply interested.

One of the questions most ardently discussed by the partisans for and against the admission of women to the profession of medicine has been whether her mental capacities were sufficient to justify such a course. Without entering into the subject of the differences existing between the intellects of the sexes in the abstract, there is now probably no unprejudiced person who does not freely admit a woman's ability to receive and profit by a medical education, as far as intellectual qualifications are concerned. It is the practice of medicine in which a woman can never stand on exactly the same plane as a man, and her disabilities in this respect are less mental, than physical; the average woman cannot enter upon a life so arduous as that of the general practitioner, without being heavily handicapped physically, when compared with the average man. I am fully aware that this view of the question differs from that held by the majority of women who are interested in it; but I cannot but suspect that the very eagerness with which they repudiate even the most qualified statement of the kind, shows that they will not allow themselves to consider the subject fairly. No doubt a number of women do practise medicine who are able to meet the demands on their strength successfully for a number of years; but they must do so at a constant expenditure of nervous energy which they are more eager to spend, and less able to spare, than a man would be under like conditions, and their liability to bankruptcy in this respect is therefore much greater. I am speaking at present only of what is known as general practice, in which the wear and tear of body and mind, from incessant competition, heavy responsibility, and frequent loss of rest, are very great; and when to these is added, in many cases, constant pecuniary anxiety from a precarious means of livelihood, I think it is evident that the life is one calculated to tax severely the strength of the strongest.

Assuredly, for those whose endurance is equal to the demands

which will be made upon it, the field of usefulness is very wide; but I would urge a most careful consideration of this side of the shield on those who are yet irresolute, and I would entreat them to believe that it is not within their power to estimate justly the strain which their nervous force will be called upon to endure, and therefore they must trust to the experience of others, who tell them that the number of their sex fitted by nature for such endurance are in the minority. But general practice is not the only path of usefulness and honour in medicine; there are many others which can be followed, in laboratories, in hospital wards, in practice among the insane, and many others which offer great opportunities for practical usefulness and the keenest intellectual enjoyment, and which are well fitted to a woman's nature and physique. The entrance into these fields of labour, it is true, is carefully guarded; but the 'open sesame' needed in most cases is supplied by a superior education, which is only one of the many reasons why it is of such paramount importance to a woman that she should start fully equipped in this respect; and I feel sure that an acknowledgment on her part that she is physically more fitted for work of this kind, together with the endeavour to qualify herself especially for it, would tend to elevate her place in the profession rather than to lower it.

When the gates of the domain of Medicine have been passed and the journey over its high road is commenced under the guidance of necessity or of choice, it remains to be seen whether the traveller will consider her education as completed, or as begun. Until this time it has been required of her to work up to a certain fixed standard, and her ability to keep her place in the ranks has been tested by frequent examinations which have obliged her to exert herself, or to fall behind on the march. Now she is free, and it becomes a question of individual force of character, ability, industry, and, above all, of genuine love of her profession as an intellectual career, whether she will at once seek

opportunities to acquire more knowledge and to gain experience in the practical exercise of her profession, or whether she will consider that enough has been accomplished when she is no longer required to pass further examinations. Mr. Edward A. Freeman told us, that when he had received his degree and fellowship he said, 'Now I will begin really to read'; and it is this feeling of future enjoyment in study which ought to inspire those who experience the delicious sensation of freedom springing from the knowledge of deliverance from the clutches of the examiners, not the eager acceptance of relief from a required task which, once completed, has no further claims. It is during the years immediately following graduation that time can be devoted to regular attendance on post-graduate courses of instruction; for as the years go by, and the claims of engrossing business press on those who bear the burden and heat of the day, they cannot command their time sufficiently for this purpose. The special kind of work undertaken must vary, of course, with personal taste, opportunities, and the different vista which opens before each individual; but some pursuit with an educational aim in view ought to be entered upon as soon as possible after professional life is begun, and if a woman has the right spirit within her it will cease only with its close.

I am afraid that I am already encroaching on the space which my subject is to fill; but, before I close, I must say a word in regard to the woman doctor viewed as an individual, and not as a class, because so much of both her usefulness and happiness depend on her own personality. During undergraduate life it is a great advantage to a student in medicine to live at a distance from her immediate family, for the innumerable petty claims on time, which will arise incessantly in her own home, will be a serious obstacle to the hard study to which she must devote many hours each day, and to the complete rest which she ought to enjoy in her spare moments. The reverse obtains, however, when

a professional life is entered upon, if she contemplates establishing herself in practice. No doubt, in some cases, it is necessary for young women to leave home because there is there no opening for success; but I think the necessity is sometimes more fancied than real; and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a woman should, if possible, have the protection and support which family ties will give her, and to think that even some sacrifices will be compensated for by the comparative freedom from unpleasant criticism and comment which these will afford her. In the natural course of events, as time goes on, her family ties become loosened one by one; but the respect due to increased age, and to an established position, are then her protectors, while during youth, as Mr. Henry James tells us, 'a young gentlewoman without visible relations is like a flower without foliage.'

It is a common objection to medical women that they are hard, aggressive, and unwomanly, and I fear it must be admitted that too much reason is given for the accusation, in the manners, appearance, and conduct of some of their number. But these women are such by nature, and, although a life which forces them to rely entirely on themselves, and brings them constantly before the public, may have a tendency to foster these unlovely qualities, they would exist under any conditions and environment, even though they did not receive the same opportunities for display. It is unjust to assume that a profession having such aims as the advancement of science, and the relief of human suffering, can, in itself, exert a deteriorating influence over character. For many years the educational privileges granted to women were so small, the struggle to obtain even these so great, and the position of a woman exercising the profession of medicine in every respect such a trying one, that women who possessed refinement, cultivation, and social advantages, shrank from embracing such a life, or were discouraged by the arguments and opposition of friends. Many of its objectionable features

have now disappeared, while those that remain are rapidly becoming modified; and one of the greatest benefits to be derived from the recent movements in favour of a medical career for women, is that those among them who are entitled to our esteem and admiration, not only for their intellectual, but for their womanly qualities, will have every encouragement in future to make it their chosen work in life. Yet the life before them, of which they ought fully to count the cost, is one of hardship, fatigue, discouragement, and of incessant self-denial, although its intellectual gratifications are of the highest order, and the opportunities it affords of human intercourse, and of usefulness to the world at large, are of the widest kind. No woman should enter on the profession of medicine from any other motive than genuine love and enthusiasm for it as a science. Even the desire to do good in her generation, and to alleviate, so far as lies in her power, the suffering of humanity, is not a sufficient reason for the undertaking, if it be not based on an instinctive affection for the work in itself. This only can enable her to toil onward for years under the burden of opposition, or at best, cold indifference, from friends, to bear the sting of professional jealousy in her own success, to refrain from reflecting it in that of others, and, above all, to endure cheerfully the almost complete isolation which must be her lot.

In return, she will have the happiness of great opportunities of usefulness; she will, if she is all she ought to be, receive, as years go on, the respect and affection of many to whom she is able to render valuable service, and she will enjoy the absorbing interest conferred by the ability to follow the advancement of science in her profession; but the nature of her occupations and interests must tend to separate her from other women, and to render her path a solitary one. For all the sacrifices, misconstructions, and disappointments of her life, her compensation must be found in devotion to her work, and in the interest and enjoyment which a

devotion so strong to a profession so noble must bring her in return.

To the woman whose earnest love has prompted her choice, and who is governed in all her actions by the true spirit of the science to which her love belongs, the profession of medicine can bring only ennobling and refining influences. She will be happier for the knowledge she acquires in its pursuit, and better for the broader views of life, and of its aims and opportunities which it will open to her sight. The last half-century has determined that the profession of medicine shall be opened to women; the next must decide whether the work that she accomplishes there will be such as to convince the world at large that there is need in it for her services; and it is now within her own hands that the answer to the question lies.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL WORK IN INDIA.

BY MRS. FRANK PENNY, AUTHOR OF 'CASTE AND CREED.'

NO profession was opened to women more reluctantly than that of medicine. Only twenty years ago the obstacles placed in the way of the intrepid woman who wished to become that doubtful individual, a lady-doctor, seemed almost insuperable. The majority of men and women looked askance at the strong-minded young person who dared to attack the mysteries of anatomy, or presumed to master the science of medicine and surgery. Public opinion, backed by the personal prejudices of those who stood in a prominent position in the profession, endeavoured to show, firstly:—that women were not fitted by nature to become surgeons, and that it would unsex them; secondly:—that they were not needed, the field being already filled adequately by the men. The first objection has long since been proved fallacious; and we have only to look at India and Burmah to see that the second is equally false.

In our eastern colonies there is an illimitable opening for the lady-doctor. She need have no fear that she is encroaching on the rights of the sterner sex. It is a recognised fact that *medical aid to the women of India can only be given through women.* The whole channel with all its ramifications through which medical aid alone can flow *must be feminine.* If the aid cannot reach the female portion of the population through women it is refused; or administered in such a second-hand way as to render it practically useless. In the presidency towns there are a few, a

very few, exceptions to this rule amongst the pariahs. But with the wealthy middle classes and the higher castes, in both town and country, the rule holds rigidly.

Of late years, under the auspices of a philanthropical government, several agencies have been at work to introduce the qualified lady practitioner. The missionary societies were amongst the first to recognise the importance of such a movement. They sent the lady-doctor to be the pioneer of the minister and catechist. They established dispensaries, at different centres, and made the cure of the body preface the salvation of the soul. But the skilled medical aid thus offered so freely was not always accepted. Close upon the heels of the doctor came the missionary; and the presence of the latter was not acceptable; the door of zenana and harem was too often rigorously closed.

This difficulty was recognised by India's rulers; and attempts were made in three or four centres to give women medical assistance, perfectly free of any religious teaching. The attempts were isolated and dependent on local charity; but so far as they went, they were successful.

At this juncture Lady Dufferin stepped in with a gigantic scheme—for founding female hospitals and wards all over the empire, where caste women could be treated without violating any of their national prejudices—for providing lecturers to teach native women in India to be doctors, hospital assistants, and nurses; and for introducing and establishing lady-doctors to attend hospitals, as well as to practise privately. Lady Dufferin's scheme was so practical, so well planned, that its success has been assured from the very beginning. It absorbed or affiliated all other attempts, and spread like a network over the whole country. Native princes, fearing no interference with their jealously guarded religious superstitions, have followed the example thus set; hospitals have been built by them in their

capitals ; lady-practitioners have been invited to become resident physicians, and to form classes for hospital assistants and midwives, and to practise privately amongst the richer portion of the population. Lady Dufferin's Association willingly undertakes to find candidates for any bonâ fide post that the native ruler may wish to fill.

Lady-doctors in India are thus divided into two classes ; (*a*) those who work from a purely missionary spirit, and who use their profession as a means to a higher end ; (*b*) those who undertake the work for secular reasons, regarding it solely from a business point of view. Appointments may be heard of (*a*) by applying to the secretaries of the missionary societies ; and (*b*) through the Secretary of the National Association for supplying female medical aid to the women of India—in other words Lady Dufferin's Fund.

Of the twenty examining Boards of the United Kingdom, five confer degrees upon women. These are :—

(1.) The University of London.

(2.) The Royal University of Ireland.

(3.) The King and Queen's College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland (Conjoint).

(4.) The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow (Conjoint).

(5.) The Society of Apothecaries of London.

A student must have completed her eighteenth year before she begins to study medicine. She must also have passed the matriculation examination of the University she selects—(1) and (2) Or one of the examinations in Arts recognised by the General Medical Council, (3) (4) (5).

Before commencing the study of medicine she must devote one year to science, a knowledge of its broad principles being of the greatest importance.

Having qualified so far, the student must attend the classes in one of the medical schools, and begin to walk the hospital.

At the London School of Medicine for Women (30, Handel Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.), the classes are unmixed, and most of the lecturers are ladies. At Edinburgh the classes are also unmixed, and the lecturers are men and women. At Dublin the sexes are mixed, and the lecturers men.

The time required for completing the medical course is five years at Edinburgh, and seven at the University of London. If the student prefers it, she can study in London, and go to Edinburgh for her examination, thus completing her course in the shortest possible time. But the woman who intends going out to India will do well not to hurry over her studies. It is of the greatest importance that she should be thoroughly proficient in obstetric practice, especially in operative midwifery. Innumerable cases will come before her of patients suffering from the most dangerous conditions incident to maternity; due to maltreatment by ignorant native practitioners, and the deplorable custom of child-marriage. Extra time devoted to this subject will be well spent.

The hospitals which are open to students, are :—

(1.) The Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, which is associated with the London School of Medicine for Women.

(2.) The New Hospital for Women, 144, Euston Road.

(3.) The Alexandra Hospital for Hip Disease, Queen's Square.

(4.) The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

(5.) The Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields.

(6.) The National Dental Hospital, Great Portland Street.

(7.) The London Fever Hospital, Liverpool Road.

(8.) Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, Marylebone Road.

(9.) British Lying-in Hospital, Endell Street, W.C.

(10.) Rotunda Lying-in Hospital, Dublin.

(11.) Clapham Maternity Hospital, 74, Jeffry's Road, S.W.

The students at the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women are admitted to the Leith Hospital, which is associated with the school.

A certain course of Lectures must be taken at the hospitals, and attendance at operations, in conjunction with the studies at the schools, is necessary.

The cost of the medical education varies with the degree taken and the school chosen.

The personal expenses of students for board and lodging must of course depend on the requirements of the individual. They usually vary from £1 to £2 a week. The winter and summer sessions together give about thirty-eight weeks.

The minimum fees for the whole course of lectures and of hospital instruction are:—

(1.) London School of Medicine for Women, £105 if paid in one sum; £115 if paid in instalments.

(2.) Edinburgh School of Medicine for women, £80 if paid in one sum; £85 if paid in instalments.

(3.) Irish College of Surgeons, £99 15*s*.

Besides these there are examination fees varying from 10 guineas to £30, according to the Examining Board chosen.

Several scholarships are offered at the Edinburgh and London Schools to students who intend practising in India. Lady Dufferin's Fund recently gave two. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is prepared to give assistance. Other missionary societies offer help on certain conditions, which are generally to the effect that the candidates will undertake to practise in India on the completion of their term of study.

A student should decide beforehand on the diploma or degree that she wishes to take. The rules and requirements differ in each case; and much valuable time may be lost by indecision. It is also as well to bear in mind that though all registered

practitioners are legally on an equality, the graduates of the University hold a higher professional status than those who take simple qualifications to practise. The examinations are more difficult and the time of study more prolonged, especially in the case of the University of London, the degrees of which may be considered as honours degrees. Requiring skilled doctors as India does, these facts should recommend the University diplomas to ladies intending to go there.

But something else is needed besides the medical qualifications for taking up work in India. A woman must be physically strong, or her health will not bear the strain. The hospitals are necessarily built in the very midst of the people they are intended to benefit. The resident surgeon will find herself obliged to live in the most thickly populated part of the town, where the air is foulest and hottest. The Europeans, if there are any, will be some distance away in cantonments. Her time will be fully employed in seeing patients, diagnosing diseases, performing operations, attending confinements, and in teaching classes of native students. When her hospital duties are over, she will be obliged to pay her visits to patients at private houses. She will drive out in a close carriage through insanitary streets, where the open drains defy the doctor. She will enter the small ill-ventilated rooms to which rich and poor alike cling with fatal perversity; and she will once more have to combat the disheartening ignorance and obstinacy of those who tend the patient. Still more frequently will she find that she is expected to set right the irreparable damage done by the native midwife. During the hot months of March, April, and May she must stay at her post, whilst her countrywomen, the wives and daughters of the English officers, fly to the hills. It needs a strong constitution to endure such a life with its hard work and comparative loneliness.

A woman also requires tact—the instinctive tact which is the

outcome of true nobility of mind. She is brought into close contact with a sensitive, quick-witted people, keenly alive to all the little courtesies of good-breeding, though they may not practise them themselves. She has to deal with prejudice, strong and deeply rooted, prejudice against herself as a foreigner, and against her system; which is in every detail exactly opposite to the practices of the native doctor. She will see the commonest laws of hygiene systematically disregarded in spite of all she may urge to the contrary. She must keep her temper and be gentle and tender in the face of obstinate perverseness; she must be courageous and persevering in the face of exasperating ignorance.

The Englishwoman who goes out to India, whether to work as missionary or as a paid doctor, should always bear in mind that she is in a heathen country. She occupies a responsible position, for she stands as an example of Western civilisation and thought before the eyes of thousands of her Eastern sisters. The Oriental is essentially religious in his character; and this is especially the case with the women. A contempt is felt for those who have no faith. In the old days, when there were fewer clergymen and ladies in the country, and when Englishmen too often stooped to the level of the Mahomedan and Hindoo in their mode of life, the people were wont to speak contemptuously of the conquering race as 'kaffirs without religion.' Now the tone of society is better; and, though he may not understand it, the native knows that the Englishman has a religion; and he respects him for it. Lady Dufferin's Association requests its doctors not to interfere with the religions of their patients; it asks that the subject may not be mentioned. But it does not require an absence of all religion in the doctor herself; it does not expect her to set at naught the teaching of her childhood, and extinguish within herself the Christian instincts of generations.

Medical work in India should undoubtedly be taken up from

the highest motives, whether the doctor works on purely business lines, or whether she labours conjointly with the missionary. She must possess the enthusiasm of a lover of the science, and also the desire to do good to her fellow-creatures and benefit suffering humanity. For whether she preaches Christianity openly or not, the lady-doctor must of necessity be the pioneer of a higher civilisation, and of a far holier creed than those which now hold India and her millions in their embrace.

HOSPITAL NURSING.

BY H. MARY WILSON AND R. WILSON.

THOUGH a great deal has been written on hospital nursing—though it has been led before the public in many guises, has been treated to laudatory, cavilling, and depreciatory remarks—it still seems necessary to say a few more words on the subject, at the risk, perhaps, of a little wearisome reiteration; but we must remember that 'it is repetition, not novelty, that produces the strongest effect; and phrases, like tunes, are a long time making themselves at home in the brain.'

This paper, if it needs any apology, finds it in the fact that it is the outcome of anxious thoughts born of experience and nourished at the side of the stern mother reality. For there are some who, while living in this particular sphere of usefulness, try to weigh truly for themselves and their fellow-workers the many serious difficulties and temptations which balance its joys and pleasures. And these long to speak words of warning or advice, which will open the eyes of those young ardent souls who wish, or fancy that they wish, to join the band of hard-working hospital nurses. They long, too, to help those who, having begun the life well, fail to live it truly, lacking the force of the best motive; or those who take each step with the unwholesome consciousness that they would like to appear as martyrs in the eyes of others.

We talk of motives, and I think of some that bring probationers to our hospitals. I know one girl who acknowledged

that she 'took up nursing' because she found her dress allowance quite inadequate for the demands of a London season. Another came with the boasted purpose of getting married.

Many keep their reasons to themselves, but often cannot find in their hearts much worthier motives than these.

How infinitely better it would be for all concerned, if they could know the weight and labour of the plough to which they are so lightly putting their hands! Then let me try to give them and others a wider conception of the life than that expressed by a certain lady acquaintance.

'Oh, how beautiful your work must be!' she said to a hospital nurse. 'How happy you must feel, going up and down those interesting wards, putting a poultice here and a poultice there!' *

We hear and read a great deal about the hardships of a nurse's life, or of the inconsiderate treatment she receives at the hand of the hospital authorities. Almost every magazine or daily paper wishes to say something upon the subject. As a natural consequence, nurses stand before the eyes of the world in the double characters of martyrs and 'ministering angels.' The former they most emphatically are *not;* the latter—well, they *do* minister to the sick and suffering, whether rich or poor, and it is the glorious badge of their office that they may do so. But it is not good that this kindly babel of applauding tongues should chatter so unthinkingly in admiration of or pity for them. Of course, those who work in large city hospitals know full well how many improvements must be made before a nurse's surroundings are idealistic; but they should not forget how much has already been done, and how infinitely superior their lot is to that of their sisters who went before them. They should rather be content to wait, knowing that those in authority are trying their utmost —slowly, it may be, but surely—to improve the position of all who call themselves by the beloved name 'nurse.'

* A fact.

Twenty years ago—perhaps ten, or even five—we find, on looking back, how real were the hardships endured by those who first entered the nursing ranks. We read of herculean efforts to reform important public institutions; of lasting results accomplished by undaunted women possessing no greater physical calibre than our own—women, in many cases, who said nothing of themselves, who toiled on patiently in obscurity, doing their work and laying down their lives, unknown of men, untouched by fame, who not only said nothing of themselves, but had no one to say it for them.

It is reserved for those who tread more easily the beaten track, which tore the feet of these pioneers, to receive the meed of praise, which is hardly in part their due. And they forget this. Thirty-nine years ago, Florence Nightingale, in the face of the world—and a very perplexed world too—stepped quietly from the ranks of educated women and entered a breach which she alone could fill. The hearts of men and women will always quicken and throb with enthusiasm whenever her name is mentioned, and well may those who try to follow in her footsteps thank God for her bright example. For she it was who showed them first the way—who drew back the curtain of conventionality which hung before the crowds of English women, sitting waiting in the twilight of inactivity for an emancipating hand. She led them into the daylight and sunshine of consecrated work, and herself showed that we may go into the thick of life's battle and yet remain modest and true, pure and holy, the truest women still.

But, as each year passes since 1854, and more and more step forward to join one or other of the active lines of thought and work, we wonder sometimes where it will end. Will the homes where parents grow old and brothers are reared be left altogether destitute of a daughter's tender carefulness or a sister's immeasurable influence? Will the lovely pictures of English home-life be marred or lose their fresh vivacity because the

women-kind—one and all—must have a vocation, a calling, an outside element to make their life liveable?

We are told to believe in the adjustability of human nature—of English nature especially.

Then let us hope that the pendulum of time, which seems to have swung from inactivity and seclusion to the opposite extreme of noisy work, will eventually return to a happy medium, in which those who hear the call to live the highest of all lives—the family life—will strive to make it perfect; while those others—the desolate, the heart-sick, the obliged-to-work, or those who may, or must, stand alone—will find open to them fertile fields of work and interest, which will save them from the 'tragedy of aimlessness.'

And now what about this class of women who wish to 'take up nursing?' It is a very large one, for I know, as a fact, that one of our great London hospitals received no less than two thousand applications in one year from would-be probationers.

I think I detect, lurking in the nurse's mind, a tinge of shame for her profession as she speaks of 'taking it up.' It gives the impression that it is not her life, but only a passing interest, to be lightly laid down again.

Let us, rather, speak of those who are to *be* nurses.

What is a nurse? What is required of her? What powers of mind and body must she be prepared to offer up in the cause for which she lives? What must she be?

It is easy enough to look round and then to tell you what she must *not* be. To define in a few words an ideal nurse is almost impossible. But I can give you three qualities which every nurse, or would-be nurse, *must* possess: she must be a good woman; she must be a tender woman; she must be a brave woman.

I will presently let a hospital nurse dwell—in her own words—upon the value of these three items. But now I want to urge an important matter. Why will not those women who feel within

themselves the stirrings of life—the soarings after any high or noble work—cultivate first, *in their own sheltered homes*, these golden qualities, goodness, tenderness, bravery? In their train might follow the acquisition of lesser, but very valuable habits, such as early-rising, orderliness, self-restraint in word and action, and a good memory.

Many probationers enter the large hospitals of London in absolute ignorance of what is required of them. They come, perhaps, from homes of luxury, from the artificial ways of society, from idle lives, fired by a passing idea that nursing will interest them. They come from the world of 'being-waited-upon' to another, where everything must be done by and for themselves and those dependent upon their care. The routine—especially during the usual three months' probation—is one of hard manual labour, including cleaning, scrubbing iron bedsteads, rubbing brasses, and scouring baths. The day's work extends through long hours of duty, and entails a constant strain, not only on the mind and body, but—an important detail—on the memory as well. The hospital nurse finds herself face to face with disease of every kind, loathsome sights, foul smells, and death in all its saddest and most pathetic varieties. She may have to conquer an inborn sickening repugnance to the sight of blood. What will she do? A strong will prayerfully wielded must come to her aid. She must echo the brave words of the Duchess Maria Josepha, the Royal surgical nurse, who had just such a nervous shrinking to conquer, and say with her, 'What others can endure, I can bear to see.' But the battle *will* only be to the strong. Instead of the accustomed daily drives or healthy walks, the nurse will have to content herself with a 'pass' to the outer world for two or three hours once or twice a week, and a 'long day' once a month. If she complains of fatigue, it is only to be told cheerfully, 'Oh, we all feel the same! You will get accustomed to it by-and-by.'

Does not this all prove what a serious consideration even the physical qualifications become? And do you wonder that women fail and drop out of the ranks day after day? The real wonder is that many more do not do the same.

But now let me emphasise a few details in the all-important qualifications of character.

I believe, for instance, that no one outside the hospital walls can realise how terribly hard it sometimes becomes to exercise stern self-restraint.

It occasionally happens on night duty, when all the patients are asleep, and when there is, for an hour or so, nothing to do, that in the nurse's rounds of the ward she passes an empty bed, a couch, or arm-chair. Perhaps she has not been able to sleep while she was off duty during the day. And now sleep suddenly attacks her with all its force. Nothing seems to rouse her. She is alone in the ward. The quiet breathings of the patients are so many tempting voices. Her eyes ache with weariness. Her eye-lids droop, leaden-weighted. She staggers and nearly sleeps as she walks. I am justified in using the word awful in describing these sensations, for with them comes too the degrading feeling that she would almost sell her soul to sleep.

Is it difficult to guess what will be the issue if the nurse is weak in moral courage, or if the highest motives do not underlie her purposes?

We will suppose that the ordeal is safely passed, and thoroughly wearied in soul and body, but with a heart at rest, the tired nurse draws down the blind in her little room to shut out the daylight, and seeks the sleep that is now hers legitimately.

But here a new temptation will sometimes assail her.

Sleep, 'coy' as ever, cannot be found. She lies there wide-eyed and unnaturally wakeful. She begins to think of the long hours of the 'night duty' that come nearer every moment, and

she involuntarily shrinks from such another battle with self, feeling physically too weak for it.

Is she not justified in taking a dose of morphia to force the sleep that will not come? No! It is a most fatal step. The need is sure to recur. The habit is so easily formed. The evil done is often so irrevocable. These are two of the giant temptations that attack the nurse. Here is one of the lesser trials.

At the close of a hard day of fourteen hours, at five minutes to nine, just when she expects the welcome advent of the night nurse to relieve her, there comes a cry of 'Nurse' from the other end of the long ward. She may have been on her feet all those long hours, with the exception of half-an-hour for dinner and a hastily-swallowed cup of tea in the ward-kitchen; her feet and back may be aching painfully; and, beyond all, she had imagined that the day's work was done.

I maintain that, to rise cheerfully—as is so often, often done—and, if the need is only a drink of water, to put a tone of pleasure into her voice as she answers, 'All right, granny, you shall have some!' requires as much courage as to carry a comrade under the enemy's fire to a place of safety.

I have pointed out some of the shadows in the dark side of this picture of hospital life. My thoughts gladly turn now to those joys—very special and very heart-filling, that lie like gleaming bars of sunlight across the canvas.

When a long hand-to-hand fight with insidious disease has strained a nurse's energies and filled her heart with alternating hopes and fears, the unexpected signs of returning consciousness and renewed strength, each feeble step safely accomplished towards convalescence, are delights indeed.

To some there comes the supreme moment when the prompt action of a firm unerring hand saves a life at a time of unforeseen peril. Then the look of warm approval in the face of a great doctor, the congratulatory hand-clasps of her fellow-workers, the

strange uplifted feeling that carries her through the hours that follow, are wonderful experiences, very sweet while they last. But they are usually followed by a reaction when she sees herself as she really is—when the 'remorseful fear' of herself *will* come with 'every smile of partial friend,' and she can only say humbly, 'Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me.'

After all, the most satisfying joys belong to the quieter pleasures of the daily routine. The caressing touch of a baby's weak fingers; the clinging dependence of the wee Jimmies and Louies; their sunny, saucy ways when childhood asserts itself once more in their tiny frames; the quaint facetious remarks of the daddies and grannies—very wags they are sometimes, dear old things—these are all very good things to possess. One day may bring the unlooked-for visit of an old patient, whose gratitude urges him to show 'sister' and 'nurse' a limb whole and in good working order. Or, as she enters the ward in the morning, she may meet a wistful welcoming look in a sick boy's patient face, and hear him say, 'I *am* glad you've come, nurse. Oh, I've been wearyin' for you!'

Again, it falls to the lot of some nurses to be able to carry off a convalescent child to her own dear, peaceful home in the country, and to place it in the kind old motherly arms that used to hold her in the same way twenty-five years ago. Yes, moments such as these are the best helps in her arduous life.

And is it not a chastened happiness to go with tired trustful souls to the very edge of the dark river, so close that she can almost touch the angel hands stretched out to take them from her, and does quite see the wonderful reflection of the heavenly light in their weary upturned faces?

These are some of the God-sent compensations of hospital life. Two others occur to me now: one, the inspiriting sense of comradeship which pervades the whole band of workers; the

other, those deep, true, enduring friendships between woman and woman which are so often formed here, and which can add so much to the beauty and usefulness of our lives. Yes, we want the life of a hospital nurse to be an ideal one. We mean to make it so, if we can.

It is so already to many. There are those whose influence over the other nurses is incalculable—to whom the weak and the easily persuaded come with all their difficulties, their doubts, their weariness of life, and go away refreshed. There are those who inspire such confidence in the patients under their care that they follow them thankfully with their eyes, while they almost worship them in their hearts, because, perhaps, they are their first vision of true, pure womanhood.

And what is the secret of it all? I believe it lies in this—that each act of the daily life has become 'a voice of aspiration after right,' winning the answering touch of approval from One 'who did bless the merciful of old.'

A hospital nurse was asked to write a few words of advice to some probationers. The gist of what she said I have already given. 'Be good. Be tender. Be brave,' she wrote at the head of the paper; and then, because her heart was very full, she went on with eager pen, 'Be good first. You will find in your busy life no time for meditation, and very few moments for prayer. But you may cultivate that necessary habit of a faithful nurse, the practice of praying *as* you work. Each action may be dedicated with a silent "For Thy dear sake," for that is the thought which should live with you and be your very breath. It is possible while actually scrubbing and cleaning to raise the heart on high, and to ask for the graces which you most need. At least you may pause and repeat, with your hand upon the door before entering the Ward and beginning your day's work, that noble soldier's prayer, "Lord, I shall be very busy to-day. If I forget Thee, yet do Thou remember me." A hospital life

is one of constantly recurring emergencies, calling for a continual spirit of recollectedness.

'Be tender. Do not let the sights you *must* see, and the work you *must* do, make you careless of the sufferings of the least of God's children. Remember that a heedless word or an uncontrolled look may wound the feelings of a suffering sister, if it does not sow the seeds of coarseness in your own heart. Why should we suspect the lower classes of less sensitiveness than we ourselves possess?

'Lastly, be brave. Do not be ashamed to stand to your colours. Be brave enough to refute gossip—the bane of hospital life. Be brave enough to say a good word for, or to, some one who may have got a bad name by misunderstanding perhaps, or by mistake. Be brave, again, in overcoming any tendency to carelessness in your life. It *must* be either advance or retreat. It requires, believe me, a constant courage, a courage of the highest type, to resist the tendencies which crowd upon us from every side to blunt our susceptibilities, and make our natures lower instead of higher than they are. For when we leave our quiet homes to live between hospital walls, our view of life is suddenly widened to such an extent that we *must* fix our eyes upon the boundaries, lest in the confusing details—the seemingly contradictory facts—which move before our eyes, we lose sight of the great truth that its horizon merges in the infinite, and that God is our Father.

'If we fail in this, we see only the seamy side of human life, and by constantly dwelling upon that we, perforce, become lower, coarser, more impure. Once again, be brave to take up the manual labour that *must* be part of your life—not as a duty beneath you, as something to be hurried over, or handed on to an inferior, but in the spirit of appreciative cheerfulness. It is quite right that some amount of scrubbing, cleaning, and dusting should fall to your lot. How can you teach others if you cannot

do yourself? What should we become if there were no possibility of counteracting the depressing influences of our surroundings by a little wholesome labour? You will find that sweeping and scrubbing can have quite an exhilarating effect upon you, and no satisfaction exceeds that of looking round upon your ward done from beginning to end by yourself and your probationer. I am quite sure that, in the working of a nurse's life, there are many improvements still to be made—that more nurses might be provided to do the work now accomplished by the few. But many others share my opinion, that it is a great mistake to try and make the life of a nurse into that of a fine lady instead of a *working woman.*

'By all means let the educated women of England—the highest ladies in the land, if you will—become the nurses of the poor. But let them come among us with a thorough knowledge of what it is they undertake, and willing, with that knowledge and a pure motive, to live the lives of earnest working women.

'How could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease—
But that He said, "Ye do it to Me, when ye do it to these"?'

It remains for us to treat, with a few practical suggestions, of the distinctly business aspect of the subject.

We will say that the would-be hospital nurse, having attained the age of twenty-three, which has been wisely decided to be the earliest at which it is well to enter on the life of a probationer, has decided in her own mind which institution she wishes to enter, choosing probably one in a large city, where the system is good and the experience likely to be wide and profitable. Her next step will then be to write to the matron, asking for the rules and regulations for the nursing staff. These are returned to her, and in many cases are accompanied by a note to the effect that there

will be no vacancy for some months, unless she should wish to enter as a paying probationer.

She has now two ways open to her: either to wait, we will say, for twelve or for eighteen months—an interval which might be wisely spent, as I have already said, in useful matters of self-training in her own home; or to begin as a 'special' probationer paying, usually, one guinea a week. If she decides upon the latter course, she can step into an ordinary probationer's position afterwards, should the opportunity offer before she is a qualified staff nurse.

In the general run of hospitals, the special probationer and the ordinary probationer live in separate houses and have to keep rather different hours. The former has the lighter work, and so, probably, a less useful training. She is on duty from 8.30 in the morning to 7 or 8 at night; but has two hours off duty every afternoon, when she can always obtain a pass to the outer world. In some hospitals she is exempt from the scrubbing, rubbing, and cleaning that falls to the lot of an ordinary probationer.

For her—the ordinary probationer—the day begins at six o'clock. Breakfast is at 6.40, and she is on duty in the wards from 7 A.M. until 8 P.M., with the exception of three hours off duty every alternate day, and a whole day once a month. Half an hour is allowed for dinner, and the same length of time for tea.

A probationer's duties vary in detail in different hospitals; but there is no doubt that these first months of training are by far the most arduous, when we remember that spare moments should be spent in reading up certain books that will be recommended to her, and in other practical ways coaching herself for the examination she must pass, at the end of her first year, before she can become a staff nurse. There is usually another examination at the end of three years which decides her position among

the other nurses, and which, in this age of competition, materially affects her future nursing career.

One word about dress.

A nurse should, while on duty, keep strictly to her uniform, and *wear no jewellery.* A gold bangle, or more than one plain ring, are out of place in a ward, and do not look like a hard-working practical nurse. I should also advise the adopting of the out-of-door uniform, which, at most institutions, is not compulsory. It is a great protection to the nurse in her often solitary walks along the crowded streets. It is respected by the 'roughest customer,' and calls forth many an act of chivalrous gratitude from unexpected quarters, as the following anecdote will testify.

A nurse, in her long cloak and neat close-fitting bonnet, with its white strings, was waiting on the path of a crowded thoroughfare. The road was narrow, and the vehicles thronged thickly at this point. No policeman was in sight. She looked timidly up and down, remembering that delay just now would involve the reporting of herself to 'matron' as having exceeded her 'pass-time.' Suddenly a ringing, cheery voice above her called aloud, 'Come on, nuss!'

Looking up, she saw a waggoner reining in his great horses and bringing the carriages behind him to an abrupt stand-still. Thankfully she hurried across the space so unexpectedly opened for her.

And, then, what about an occasional amusement, a change of scene and sights? These certainly are welcome and helpful, *but* while a probationer is serving her time—indeed, during the first year or two of hospital work—if she can persuade herself to refuse, as a rule, all evening engagements that will keep her out late at night, she will soon reap the full benefit of her self-denial in the

good that she will receive from her regular, full measure of sleep and rest, every hour of which she will find she needs.

And, lastly, one small matter occurs to me. When you are preparing to leave your home, and are looking round your pretty bedroom, while you ask yourself which, and how many, of these treasured possessions and dainty 'knick-knacks' you shall take with you, give a thought to the hard-worked maids of the nurses' home, who will have to dust and tidy for you. Take only what will rest your eyes and tune your mind to homeward or upward thoughts.

CARE OF INSANE PATIENTS.

BY LADY CLIFFORD.

EVERY one knows what a great improvement has taken place of late years in the management of the insane; but I think every one does not know that in many of the large mental hospitals there has lately been a great movement to supply patients of the upper classes with companion attendants of more or less the same social standing. In most, if not all, of these hospitals for the insane there are also nurses of a lower grade, and a strong staff of servants; but it is the lady attendants who live entirely with the lady patients, sharing their meals and exercise, starting and encouraging their amusements and occupations, and giving as bright and healthy a tone as possible to their daily life.

It is not, of course, a work that would suit every one. No girl should think of it unless she has sound health, steady nerves, and a patient cheerful temper; and even of those apparently so qualified a large proportion fail on trial.

But those who are fitted for the work come to take in it a most absorbing interest, and certainly it is hard to imagine any life more filled with acts of loving kindness, more rich in opportunities of doing good. It has also this in its favour, that small personal advantages and a stock of slight accomplishments are of much greater value in it than in most careers for women.

A pleasant appearance, voice, and manner go for much; so do other trifling gifts, such as skill in fancy work, in any or all its

branches, an every-day amount of musical capability, skill in out-door and in-door games—any art, in fact, which, by inciting to effort and emulation, may help a sufferer through the weary day.

'We are so glad,' said an experienced lady attendant once to me, 'of anything that will kill an hour.'

Any lady feeling drawn to the work should of course begin by applying for admission at one of the many great hospitals for the insane where attendants of a superior class are employed. I may mention St. Ann's Heath, Virginia Water; Barnwood House, Gloucester; St. Andrew's Hospital, Northampton; and there are many others.

I am told that the medical men who manage these establishments are already overwhelmed with applications: as in everything else of the sort, the market is getting over-stocked. At the same time it is inevitable that not every so-called 'lady' attendant should quite deserve the title, and I cannot but think that there is a demand for real born and bred gentlewomen, who must be the most suitable and acceptable companions to those of the same class. It is, of course, extremely difficult for a doctor to judge of this by correspondence only, and a personal introduction is most desirable. In any case, it is probable that the applicant will have to wait some time for a vacancy.

That difficulty overcome, she goes to whichever Mental Hospital she has obtained admission to, and starts on her six months' training. It is probable that the rules vary according to the place; I will mention what they are in the only one of which I have any personal knowledge, and this will give a good general idea, as the difference is not likely to be very material.

In the Mental Hospital of which I speak, the salary to start with is £25, all found; collars and cuffs, I believe, are also provided, and the lady attendants wear a grey uniform. The patients are divided into 'galleries,' being, of course, most carefully classed according to the degree and kind of their affliction.

Through each gallery in turn the attendant under training has to pass, being minutely instructed in the management of every kind of mental disease, and, of course, giving her assistance in every possible way to those set over her.

Public examinations are being now instituted for every class of attendant, and probably before long no one will be engaged who has not first passed and obtained a certificate.

As yet, however, I believe the practical knowledge obtained by this six months' training is sufficient to entitle any one who goes through it satisfactorily to be a qualified attendant. The hours on duty are from 7 A.M. to 9.30 P.M., and practically more, since the attendant sleeps in the room with at least one patient, probably several, and must take her chance of disturbed nights.

The night nurses, making their hourly rounds, have the power to remove and specially care for any very violent or noisy patients; but the attendant must expect constant minor disturbances from nervous and exacting sufferers, and the day begins inexorably at 7 A.M. no matter what kind of night it follows. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the long hours 'on duty' include many that may very likely be passed pleasantly. There are constant walks and drives, much lawn tennis and ladies' cricket in summer, with tea taken out of doors in the shade; in winter there are dances, musical evenings, private theatricals, and other entertainments, at which patients and attendants of both sexes meet under the superintendence of the matron and of the doctors.

The attendants are most of them bright merry young people, ready to give and take much pleasant sympathy, and many of the patients are convalescent, and may be very agreeable companions, although not yet quite sound enough to be launched into life again.

The attendants have an afternoon free once a week, from about 2 P.M. to 9 P.M., the same about every 4th Sunday, and a whole

day out once a month. Three weeks' holiday every year after the first, and six weeks for the head attendant.

The six months' training over, the lady attendant receives her certificate, and then she may either remain on the staff of the hospital in which she has started, or she may try to get a 'private case,' that is, the care of a mental sufferer whose relations prefer keeping her at home or in private lodgings.

This must be in some ways a far more trying life than that of one among many in a hospital. The responsibility is so much heavier, and there is so little of sympathy or companionship to lighten it. On the other hand, it is much better paid; the salary of a lady attendant with a 'private case' varying from thirty shillings to three guineas a week, according to her capabilities and the means of her employers.

If the lady attendant remains in the Hospital for the Insane, she may either continue to move from gallery to gallery pretty often, that being found best for the health and nerves, or she may be told off to the care of a single patient whose friends may prefer her having an attendant entirely to herself, or who may require, from the turn her illness has taken, constant watching. Her duties may include the trying one of fetching new patients from their homes or from other asylums, and she will probably sometimes have the more cheerful one of accompanying to her home one 'out on leave,' that is, one who, though sufficiently recovered to return to her family, is still, as a measure of precaution, kept for the first few weeks under supervision.

It is not necessary to point out what close companionship with the patient is implied in these arrangements, and how thoroughly desirable it is, in the case of sufferers of naturally refined habits and traditions, that they should not be exposed to the constant irritation of living, eating, and sleeping with a person who does not possess those traditions, and to whom those habits are an effort and an achievement. This is indeed eminently a work for

ladies, and I trust that this fact will be constantly more and more realised.

So far I have not dwelt on the more painful part in the life of a lady attendant on the insane. But it must, of course, be remembered that while some patients are more nervous and whimsical than positively insane, many others seem to have sunk below the level of humanity; some seem—and who can say that they are not?—to be the victims of diabolical possession.

Those who undertake the care of these poor sufferers must brace themselves to endure the sight of terrible misery and despair, to listen unmoved to fearful blasphemies, to encounter calmly, and control wisely, strange abnormal propensities to mischief and to crime; and to practise a ceaseless watchfulness, which in itself is a strain on nerves and spirits. There will be much that is loathsome and repulsive, much that shocks a woman's delicacy, much that tries her temper; and through all she must be able to 'possess her soul in patience,' or she is unfit for her work.

Above all, if she would not be overwhelmed, mind, body and soul, by the sight of these most strange, inexplicable afflictions, she must hold fast to those three only clues in the labyrinth of life—Faith, Hope, and Charity, 'believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things.' She must carry about in her own heart that great sunshine of the love of God which alone can light up the dark places; and, remembering Who it was to Whom they brought many lunatics, and many possessed with devils, she must feel it a blessed privilege to follow humbly in His footsteps, and, by patient, obedient, self-denying work, to help in bringing comfort and perhaps healing to a class of sufferers on whom our Blessed Saviour always had compassion.

TEACHING.

BY M. T. WALLAS.

THIS is an age in which the laws of the social code are undergoing many alterations and modifications.

With regard to that part of the code which refers more particularly to women, the prohibitive commands are decreasing in number, whilst those which set forth the duty of doing instead of abstaining are as surely increasing: 'Thou shalt not' is giving way to 'Thou shalt.'

It has long been the custom to expect in a woman particular virtues such as self-abnegation, gentleness, humility, whilst the discovery of such qualities in one of the opposite sex brought with it the pleasure of the unexpected. The generally received opinion that women's sphere is the domestic one, has of late years been greatly modified by the recognition of the stubborn fact that many households consist of a number of unmarried daughters.

The fact which is usually the correlative of the preceding—namely, that servants form a part of the household, and that the domestic work for each member of the family is therefore reduced to an infinitesimal quantity—is becoming also a matter for comment rather than of indifference. After the hour of household work—if so much is required—a single woman must, for the remainder of the day, find occupation for herself. The maxims, 'No one need ever be idle,'—'there is plenty of occupation for willing hands,'—have certainly lost none of their truth, but

might well receive this important addition: 'Before undertaking any work, see that it is worth doing. Make sure that the expenditure of your energy will be repaid by some solid good done to the community.'

The amount of unproductive work done by women, and by women capable, if their energies were properly directed, of doing real service to their fellow-creatures, is a painful subject for contemplation, not only to him whose economical soul grieves over the waste of time and talent thereby incurred, but also to him who believes in the dignity given to the labourer by his power of contributing to the real wants of his generation. I say 'real' wants, for women, as a rule, do not discriminate between mere occupation and serious work. Provided that they are not idle, are not 'wasting their time' (although by 'waste of time' they often mean nothing more than bodily inactivity), many women feel no serious dissatisfaction with the aimlessness of their exertions.

We all feel the pathos of Mr. Casaubon's wholly profitless literary efforts, but the sight of mountains of needlework, done with infinite labour, with much mechanical skill, but without the artistic training or talent which alone make such productions valuable, is surely as pathetic. To devote hours to the reading of history, art, science, literature, for the sake *only* of the occupation thereby provided, is to sentence the mind to the punishment of the mental treadmill.

I once, when a child, watched with the fascination of the horrible, a lunatic picking up pebbles on the sea-shore. She slipped each laboriously sought-for stone through the hole in her gown, from which it fell on to the shore again, instead of dropping it into her pocket. Thus, very early in life, I received a never-forgotten lesson on unproductive labour.

The best way of ascertaining that one's work is both intrinsically good and adapted to the wants of the age is to carry it into

the labour market. The absolute necessity of earning a livelihood drives many women there, but where the goad of actual poverty is absent, that of principle can with advantage take its place.

A naturally sincere mind desires that its work shall be judged by unbiassed critics.

Home companions or friends, for the sake of the doer, frequently overlook, perhaps scarcely see, the many imperfections of the work.

To such sympathisers with every effort, life owes most of its smiles and much of its grace, but the judge of results should be sought elsewhere. The professional cook on the failure of her apple-pie cannot look for the consolation administered once in my hearing to an amateur in the art: 'It is a very good pie if one ignores the taste of it.'

If your pie is to find a purchaser, it must taste well.

The ideal of work, which everyone worthy of the name of labourer possesses, becomes, in times of depression, very dim; nothing, according to my experience, gives the daily stimulus needed to undergo drudgery, to force the unwilling flesh to perform its allotted work, like the thought of the impending judgment. Companionship is another sweetener and lightener of work. The professional ranks offer such opportunities for friendship, founded on similarity of aim and effort, as are seldom to be found amongst the scattered bands of amateur workers.

For all these reasons I should advise even those who do not absolutely need the pecuniary remuneration to compete with paid workers, in order that their work may supply a real want; may be intrinsically good; may be done with more sustained effort, and consequently with less expenditure of effort.

These reasons seem to apply more especially to the profession of teaching. In no other profession is there so much of what

may be called 'subterranean industry.' Anyone may proclaim him or herself a teacher, and may possibly obtain from credulous parents more or less occupation. Teaching might well seem to be the most important of all industries, since the commodities with which it deals are minds and characters. But by an odd contradiction it is precisely in the profession of teaching that work can be obtained without any tangible show of merit.

Any one calling himself a medical man, and practising without a medical certificate, is liable to punishment—to practise ignorantly on the mind of a child is no offence.

This state of things must continue until certain proofs of efficiency are universally required from those who enter the educational profession. Many teachers (I use the term exclusive of the quacks of the profession) and other persons interested in educational matters are endeavouring to exclude unskilled labourers from their ranks by establishing a system of registration, with the hope that eventually certain certificates may be required as the condition of registration.

Naturally as long as our daily papers contain such advertisements as, 'Required, a thoroughly good nursery governess capable of teaching French, music, English, needlework and drill; disciplinarian and bright with children; salary £12,' there will be unskilled workers to supply the demand for the terms offered; but it is to be hoped that increased educational advantages will teach parents the difference between thoroughly good work and that which is indifferent or bad, and will also teach them to apply the rules of the commercial to the educational market. I fully recognise the frequent excellence of private teachers and of private schools. To many a thoroughly enlightened and conscientious teacher, the absence of University inspection, of public examinations, of the necessary routine of public school life, is of positive advantage; but to keep the work

of teaching up to a general standard of efficiency, these tests are most useful, if not indispensable.

The thoroughfares for teachers of girls are the High Schools, Middle and Grammar Schools, and the Board Schools. I should advise any one who intends to become a teacher, to aim at obtaining a post, at any rate for the first part of her career, in a school which stands well in the educational world, or is, at least, a recognised member of it.

There are very good openings in the Board Schools for candidates who not only are properly qualified, but who have also enjoyed the advantages of a cultivated home.

The work in such schools is certainly severe, but any woman strong enough bodily and mentally to stand the strain, will find here the best of all possible opportunities for using the gifts of refinement and culture in making the lives of her fellow-teachers and of her pupils brighter, fuller, and more interesting.

I find in the report of the School Board for London for the year 1889, that the average salary of a head-mistress is £231 19*s.* 2*d.*, and that of a fully-qualified assistant-teacher, £108 14*s.* 8*d.*

Having the aim of teaching in some public school, the methods of preparation for the work must next be considered. As a High School teacher myself, I feel qualified to give advice concerning the entrances to that department alone of the educational world. Applicants for a post in the schools of the Girls' Public Day School Company are usually required to possess either the Cambridge University degree, whether it be taken in classics, mathematics, history or science, or the B.A. degree of the London University, or the certificate obtained by proficiency in three groups of the Cambridge Higher Local Examination for Women.

Preparation for the last examination is frequently given in the sixth form of many leading girls' schools. A general feeling is,

however, arising that preparation for this examination interferes too greatly with the general course of the school work, and that students more fitly prepare for it when they have done with the ordinary routine of school life.

If the family purse can bear the strain, a year spent in either France or Germany by an intelligent girl at the end of her school course, will not only ensure valuable success in the papers set on foreign languages, but will be of the greatest assistance in the acquiring of general culture.

Not only can colloquial knowledge of a language be thus obtained, but association with a continental people, even though it be but for one year, increases the appreciation of a foreign literature by giving some insight into the national habit of mind and national customs.

I never thoroughly appreciated Goethe's 'Hermann und Dorothea,' until by living amongst Germans I learnt to sympathise with the ideal of a 'tuchtiges, deutsches Mädchen.'

Much of the work for this examination can be done at home. I joined the University Correspondence Classes as I was unable to obtain good oral teaching. The fees for the different courses vary from two to four guineas. The work is carried on by means of directions as to the books to be read, explanations of any difficulty occurring to the student, and periodical examination papers, the answers to which are returned after correction. The guidance I thus received in the study of English literature formed my first real introduction to the charmed world of books. By means of many a delicate hint directing my attention to the pathos or the humour of various passages, I made some progress in the art of reading—the art which is within the reach of all of us, and which alone can transport each of us from uncongenial surroundings into society and scenery of our own choosing. 'This world is a brazen one,' says Sir Philip Sidney, 'the poets only do deliver a golden.'

I should advise any one intending to take this examination, to allow herself two years for obtaining a full certificate, taking the subject most congenial to her as one year's work, and completing her certificate in the examination of the following year.

The course of study for the Cambridgre degree, if something more than the mere pass is aimed at, is more suitable for those who have some distinct bent of mind, whether classical, mathematical, or scientific. Scholarships, such as the St. Dunstan Exhibitions, exist, which are large enough to cover the expenses of three years of college-life at Girton or at Newnham. Many of the cleverest girls in the High Schools and Colleges compete for these, but such prizes are of course only within the reach of the 'chosen few.' A certain number of scholarships are also awarded on the results of the Senior Cambridge Examination, the Higher Local, and the Newnham and Girton College Entrance Examinations. These all help to defray the expenses of college-life, amounting to about £100 per annum.

Students living in London can study at small expense for the degree of the London University, by attending the classes held for matriculation, intermediate examination, and the final B.A. degree, at University College, Bedford College, the Birkbeck Institute, and other centres. There are also correspondence classes in connection with these examinations.

Many girls now matriculate before leaving school, which reduces the time required for working for a degree from three years to two.

Supposing then that due qualifications for a teacher's post have been obtained, the fact must be faced that the educational market is yearly becoming more crowded, and that, therefore, those who have done good work, but are not specially distinguished amongst other competitors, may find it difficult, without some mark of extra merit, to obtain such work as they desire.

A modern feature in the educational world is the training of

teachers. Besides the numerous training colleges open to those intending to teach in Government schools, there are two Colleges, one in Fitzroy Street, Bloomsbury, and one in Cambridge, which offer a course of training to women who wish to teach in schools of a higher grade. Many of us believe that either the teacher, like the poet, is born not made, or that any one who thoroughly knows a subject can teach it. With regard to the 'born teacher,' no doubt talent for teaching exists as well as for any other art. Very few people will, however, deny that training develops natural talent, and I do not see any reason why talent for teaching should alone be excepted from this general rule. When I hear remarks to the effect that systematic help and advice from the more experienced in the profession will very probably destroy the originality and brightness of a clever young teacher, I am forcibly reminded of the story of the grim-looking lady applying for the post of head nurse in a hospital ward.

'Where have you been trained, Madam?' asked a member of the committee.

'*Trained!*' replied the applicant, with a scornful smile. 'Nowhere, sir—I have a *gift*.'

As the musician and the painter at least make use of the experience of their predecessors, by studying their works and noting their methods, surely the teacher may profit by studying the excellencies or noting the defects of various educational systems. Why should the educational views of such men as Locke, Pestalozzi, Fröebel, or of Dr. Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Thring in later times, be of less value to the embryo teacher than the works of the masters in other arts are to modern devotees?

The course of study at these training colleges includes the reading of some of the best books on educational theories, actual practice in the art of teaching a class, and lectures on the elements of psychology. Since the science of teaching must

necessarily be founded on the knowledge of the human mind—that is, of the various mental processes, such as imagination, memory, reasoning—the instruction given in psychology is of the greatest practical use. A scientific basis is thus supplied for the educational maxims regarding the importance of teaching little children largely through pictures, of passing from the known to the unknown, of always allowing observation and reasoning to precede definitions, or, in other words, of using a rule as the culminating point of a lesson, instead of as an introduction.

Such a course of study not only increases the pecuniary value of a teacher's work, but is a scientific short cut to a much higher standard of efficiency than can be gained in the same time by unaided effort. A quotation from my own experience, when a student at the Maria Grey Training College, will perhaps illustrate what I mean by the helpfulness of supervision and suggestion at the entrance of a teacher's career.

I was making strenuous but ineffectual efforts to explain the meaning of the word 'opposite' to a child of eight. The Principal of the College came to my rescue, and enlightened both teacher and pupil by means of the question, 'Which walls in the room look at one another?'

Supposing, then, the teacher to be duly equipped, and, as a further step in life, to have obtained congenial work, it only remains to assure her that the profession of teaching has its rewards in the sympathy of colleagues, the affection of pupils, the absorbing interest of work that can never be done too well, of work, the effect of which is more wide-spreading than any amongst us can calculate.

I will merely repeat this advice, once given to me by a celebrated member of the profession: 'Do not become absorbed in school work. Be a teacher, but do not cease to be a citizen. Your success in your work will indirectly depend on the amount of interest you take in the progress of your generation.'

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHING.

BY F. HARRISON.

SINCE education has been made compulsory by the Government, many girls who would otherwise have become teachers in High Schools, or private governesses, have availed themselves of the increased facilities opened to them, and have gained the certificate necessary to qualify them for the charge of an Elementary School.

Some have succeeded admirably, but others have so signally failed, that many people have an impression that no one can be a good teacher in a National School who was not educated in one. Nearly all head-teachers, however, prefer taking for pupil-teachers, girls who have been educated in a High School when they can get them, and some of the most successful mistresses the writer has known were the well-educated daughters of professional men who had been to a Training College for two years.

Failure is generally caused either by personal unfitness, or lack of enthusiasm. The Compulsory Education Act of 1870 created such a great demand for elementary school teachers, that certificates were granted to untrained ones on very easy terms, and unfortunately a number of incompetent persons entered the profession, to the great injury of education.

These terms have been altered, and no one should now attempt to become a schoolmistress, who feels that her natural

talents would not enable her to pass the Higher Cambridge Examination, if she had no other hindrance.

Before showing how the profession may be entered, it may be well to consider whether it is worth the consideration of well-educated, able women, who could obtain good salaries as governesses in private families, or ladies' colleges. As the salary of a schoolmistress ranges from £60 to £230 or £250 per annum, it may be less or more than what would be received by a private governess, but the lower salaries often have many compensating advantages. Respectable inexpensive lodgings are generally provided, and a schoolmistress is not *obliged* to dress expensively, while there seems good reason to believe that a national system of superannuation will soon be in force.

The position of a schoolmistress is generally a more permanent one than that of a private governess. The pupils of the latter grow out of the school-room, and she is obliged to seek another post, but a schoolmistress may, if she desires, remain in the same school until she gives up teaching entirely ; and if she seeks to improve in efficiency, the longer she remains, the more she will be valued. If she is thoroughly in earnest, her influence will extend not only to almost every detail of her scholars' lives, but to every person in the district. The importance of the religious instruction she is privileged to give is recognised by everybody, but this is but a small part of her work. The songs taught, the books introduced, the sports encouraged, are as seeds bearing fruit on all sides. She is bound to insist upon cleanliness and neatness among her scholars, and now that the teaching of elementary science, laundry work, and cooking, is encouraged in schools, she can speak plainly and with authority upon subjects, that the clergyman or district visitor can hardly mention without giving offence. If she feels that she has the requisite time and physical strength, it is not difficult for her to find many ways of

helping in parish work by means of guilds, sewing-meetings, etc., for she can generally have the use of the school-room, and has unequalled opportunities of reaching every home; but care must be taken not to undertake extraneous work that interferes with her school duties. She must secure sufficient time for recreation, study, and reading educational periodicals. Unless she does this, she will find herself unable to keep pace with the requirements of the time, and her school will suffer, as well as her own mental and bodily powers.

If a schoolmistress takes an interest in the individual welfare of her children, she may almost invariably depend upon the support and co-operation of others, and a recommendation from her will generally secure a girl a fair start in life either as a servant or an apprentice.

A woman possessing great force of character and originality, who is anxious to do her utmost for her pupils, and experiences a difficulty in adapting herself to all the arrangements of the family as a private governess, would probably make an excellent schoolmistress, and be a very happy one.

Any one who thinks of entering the profession should first obtain a copy of the 'Code of Regulations,' and also the 'Instructions to Inspectors.' These may be obtained through any bookseller for a few pence, and their contents should be carefully studied before any decisive step is taken. If any difficulty is experienced in understanding the various articles, an annotated edition of the Code had better be obtained. The one by Heller, price one shilling, is perhaps the most widely circulated, but care must be taken to get the latest edition.

It will be found on studying the Code, that pupil-teachers may serve for two, three, or four years, and that certificates are granted after certain specified examinations, either to assistant-teachers or students in a training college. If suitable arrange-

ments can be made, it is undoubtedly the best plan to become a pupil-teacher, if only for the shortened period of two years, and then to go to a training college. Many of my readers would prefer being qualified without either becoming a pupil-teacher or entering a training college, and their first step must be to get recognised as assistant-teachers. This can be done by passing the Queen's Scholarship examination, or any examination mentioned in the Code as recognised by the Education Department. Persons entirely unaccustomed to elementary schools will probably find the Scholarship examination the most difficult, as almost every paper contains questions bearing on school management. They had perhaps better, therefore, seek to pass one of the alternative ones, if they have not already done so ; but an estimate of the relative difficulty can be formed by obtaining copies of the questions set during recent years.

After being recognised, the next step is to get an appointment as an assistant in a school, in order to obtain permission to attend the certificate examinations. As assistants are in great request, there is no difficulty in doing this, but the candidate should seek a post where she may have opportunities of thoroughly mastering the technicalities of the profession, even though the salary be small. The largest schools, though they may have a high reputation, are not always the best training places for teachers, as, too often, an assistant is put to work in a class-room, where she sees very little of the general routine and organisation of the school. One where the head-teacher can exercise a vigilant supervision over every detail, and where the classes must be arranged so that the work of one does not interfere with that of another, affords the best training. The teacher should carefully study how to arrange a time-table, so that the most work may be done with the least exhaustion both to teachers and scholars ; how to keep school registers and other

school accounts; how to maintain good discipline, and how to secure the intelligent interest of children. These points are of almost equal importance. She must study school management, not merely as a science by itself, but whatever she learns, be it history, arithmetic, or any other subject, she must notice what methods make it interesting and intelligible to herself, and seek to reproduce them in her own teaching.

Registration is really very simple, but it is the matter above all others, in which mistakes are made by those who enter the profession when grown up. If they implicitly follow the printed instructions, they will find that a few minutes daily, an extra hour at the end of each week, and two or three hours at the end of each quarter, will generally be amply sufficient to prevent any strain or confusion in this respect at the Government examination; but if they are careless or procrastinating, they are sure to find the registration a difficulty.

The Code of each year should be studied very carefully directly it is published, as well as the Instructions to Inspectors.

After being qualified as an assistant, two examinations must be passed in order to obtain a certificate, the first after being employed as an assistant for at least twelve months, during which time a favourable report from an inspector must be obtained for skill in teaching, reading, and recitation; the second after an interval of at least twelve months, and a second favourable report from an inspector.

When these examinations have been successfully passed, the candidate will be a teacher on probation, and may have charge of a school, but she will not receive a parchment certificate until she has obtained two favourable reports from an inspector at two consecutive annual visits.

While engaged as an assistant, it is advisable, if possible, to join one of the classes formed for the purpose of preparing candidates for the examination. If none are within reach,

instruction by correspondence will be helpful, and full particulars may be obtained by studying the advertisement columns of the *Schoolmistress*, a weekly newspaper which affords many useful hints respecting all the secular work of teachers in elementary schools.

There is in some minds an impression that the work in elementary schools is exceptionally hard, and that many teachers fail in health. When this is the case it is generally found that the teachers are naturally delicate, that the ordinary laws of health are violated, or that much extraneous work is undertaken. No one who has fairly good health, and is prepared to apply her knowledge of hygiene to the practical preservation of it, need fear the work of an Elementary School.

Some regard the position as a peculiarly isolated one, but it is probably less lonely than that of a private governess, for a schoolmistress is more free to make her own arrangements, and among the school managers there are generally found some who are anxious to show her kindness. In fact, practically her social position depends very much upon herself, and she may, if she wishes it, have friends among all classes.

The profession has been chiefly spoken of as a means of doing useful work and earning a livelihood, but to readers who are Church women it will scarcely be out of place to remark that the Church seems to need the services of her educated daughters. During the last ten years the large School Boards have paid great attention to the training of their pupil-teachers, while the managers of the Voluntary Schools have somewhat overlooked it. As a consequence the great majority of the present students in the Training Colleges are from Board Schools. However excellent they may be as women and teachers, they cannot be expected to sympathise with the traditions of Church schools, even if they should care to go into them. The common bond of interest which often unites the clergy, parents, and teachers

of a parish almost as if they were one family, would not be understood by them. It is already a difficulty to get a well-trained mistress in a Church school, and this difficulty is increasing. Out of the first fifty candidates on the Scholarship List (females) this last year,* only one comes from a Church school. Unless something is done to counteract the effects of this, the loss to the Church must be great.

* 1892.

WOMEN'S WORK AMONGST THE POOR.

BY SOPHIA LONSDALE.

IN these days everything and everybody is organised, at the obvious risk of losing much grace, spontaneity, and life. Workers may become stereotyped and machine-like, and their work then becomes, comparatively speaking, worthless. At the same time my object in writing this paper is to urge the necessity of training upon young women who feel they have a vocation for working among the poor, and further to suggest openings for workers both paid and unpaid.

It may, perhaps, seem a truism to say that in order to be of any real use to the poor, or indeed to go amongst them without doing positive harm, experience and training are of the greatest importance. A short time since I heard a clergyman's wife say that the clergy knew how to deal with poor people by virtue of the grace of Ordination. I should be the last person to deny the grace of Holy Orders, but I should have liked to ask that lady why, if her hypothesis were true, a knowledge of Butler's Analogy or of Paley's Evidences is not imparted at the same time? One is quite as likely to happen as the other. But though we may smile at such a doctrine when we see it reduced to an absurdity, it is nevertheless practically believed and acted upon by a good many people. How many of our young deacons, when they go to their first curacy, know anything of the way in which the poor really live? How many of them know anything of the Poor Law, or of legislation specially affecting the poor? It is perfectly true that

in after years many of the clergy learn a great deal about such things, but it would surely prevent much blundering and waste of power if they could learn the A B C of practical work beforehand.

What is true of the young clergy is equally true of other workers. A girl has a good deal of time on her hands, she hears that district visitors are wanted in her parish, she wishes to do something for Christ's poor and His Church, her offer of help is accepted, and a district 'with no bad people in it, only some of them very poor,' is handed over to her.

Now in nine cases out of ten what will happen? If she is quick-witted and observant she will soon find out that some of her new acquaintances are clean, tidy, and apparently prosperous; their children are regular at school, and it is a pleasure to visit them. Others are dirty, very poor, and seem to be always 'at the last gasp,' the children are hardly ever at school, having no boots to go in, and the cruelty of both landlord and school attendance officer is a fruitful topic of conversation. Here at the outset is a difficulty; why are these two classes of people living side by side so different? How can the difference between them be accounted for? As for trying to amend the ways of the poor and dirty, and to help them to become prosperous and clean, that is a task altogether beyond her powers. What then does she hope to do for them? Most of her ideas about the poor are taken from descriptions of them in magazines, where squalor and misery are depicted in the darkest colours; her ignorance as to trades, rates of wages, the Poor Law, and the agencies available for relief is complete. To put it shortly she has no true idea of the real position of the people among whom she is to work. It is only too probable that, in despair, she will degenerate into one of the many amateur relieving officers (alas for the independence of our people!) who abound in almost every parish in England. Of course she gets profuse thanks; the poor thriftless souls are grateful for her

grocery tickets and her shillings, but she will never find the condition of a family so permanently improved that it will cease to need her gifts. The disease of poverty is not to be cured by such means; or as a worker of great experience once said to me: 'A surgeon might just as well try to mend a broken leg by giving the patient a peppermint drop every half-hour.' There is, too, a serious danger connected with this form of relief. It disheartens the thrifty careful man to see that improvidence, dirt, and drunkenness 'pay'; is it very unlikely that in time he also may be corrupted? A London City Missionary gave the following instance, which came under his notice in his district. There was a house inhabited by several families, all of whom paid their way, and were steady, careful, clean people. In an evil hour there came as tenants to this house a dirty, drunken, thriftless family, bringing in their wake two benevolent ladies who visited and also 'relieved' them. The Missionary stated that in a very short time every tenant in that house had become hopelessly dirty, drunken, and thriftless. Why? *Because they saw it paid to be poor!*

How then can workers be of use to the poor? How can they do good instead of harm? How can they raise people instead of merely relieving them? Personal influence is the chief agent. It is this subtle, indescribable power, which alone can grapple successfully with the enormous difficulties which have to be faced. It was this element in General Booth's scheme which commended it to many thoughtful minds, although they were forced to reject it on account of grave defects which I need not discuss here. But personal influence must be coupled with knowledge and experience. Would any man or woman dare to set up as an amateur doctor without having received a medical education? Yet we see all around us men and women working away with a will, tampering with the moral nature of the poor, administering fearlessly the powerful drug of relief, without waiting or wishing

to learn what the almost certain result of that drug may be. The best worker I have ever known, one who has perhaps more real friends among the poor than any other woman in England, said to me once, 'The poor are so ill-treated.' I asked her what she meant, and she replied: 'Everything is done to destroy their independence, and to teach them to trust anybody's efforts but their own.'

How can young women get training? There is abundance of zeal, cultivation, and real desire to benefit the poor. What is wanting to convert the raw material into a band of workers which shall leave its mark for good on the poorer classes of this country? How can the necessary knowledge of the difficult problems to be solved be acquired?

Many of the elder clergy, especially those who have worked in large towns, can give much valuable information about the way in which the poor live, but as a rule they have no time to train their workers. Deaconesses and Sisters of Charity have no doubt experience, so far as it goes; although I cannot help suspecting that their knowledge must be of a one-sided kind. They are known to be benevolent, and therefore are pretty sure to be received with open arms. As a rule they have nothing of their own to bestow, but they are not unnaturally used as almoners both by the clergy and by the wealthy laity. It is not probable that they would be willing to impart their knowledge to outsiders, even if they had time to do so. Moreover some of their favourite methods of dealing with the poor are open to criticism, and are certainly calculated to increase pauperism. Trucks of food for the so-called 'unemployed,' unfair trading which undersells the poor striving needlewoman, free breakfasts, etc. etc., use up an enormous amount of sympathy and money which might be far better employed. I remember one good little Deaconess who used to beg for money to pay up the back rents in her district!

There is a society which ought to be the great training college for workers among the poor. The Charity Organisation Society has committees in every part of London and in most of our large towns. I would advise any young woman who really wishes to learn how the poor live, what their real (not their supposed or apparent) difficulties are, and the wisest and most effectual means of helping them, to ask leave to attend the meetings of one of these committees as a visitor. If she is really in earnest she will be warmly welcomed. She will find some ten or twelve men and women of all professions and creeds met together to consult over the various cases of poverty and distress brought before them. Many a time have I heard one single case discussed for half an hour—patiently, carefully, sympathetically, before a decision could be arrived at which really satisfied the committee. Many of these committees want more workers, and would thankfully accept offers of help from young and active women, willing to be taught the best and wisest principles of dealing with the poor.

There are many openings for workers in the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants; the Society for the Relief of Distress is constantly wanting almoners; there are ladies wanted to act as Board School visitors, and there is the Society for visiting Invalid Children, which needs helpers, but my space will not allow me to dwell on these. I will devote the rest of this paper to one grand opening for women workers, both paid and unpaid.

In the opinion of those well able to judge, there will be in a short time a large and ever-increasing demand for women qualified to take charge of tenement houses and to collect rents. The London County Council has large schemes for pulling down and building up, and it is almost certain its example will sooner or later be followed in other large towns. There will be a sudden demand, but where will be the supply? I quote the words of a

member of the London County Council, who is managing director of several large properties in London :—

'We hear a great deal of talk nowadays about better houses for working people, but unfortunately, because large schemes of improvement are beset with difficulties, we hear of but little being actually accomplished ; and where better houses are built, we too often find that they are less of a success than might be wished and expected, because the important fact is ignored that dwellings need to be managed as well as built, and the tenants need to be educated to use them properly before they can get the full benefit of them. Large blocks of dwellings, left without experienced heads to govern them, are likely to prove doubtful blessings.'

Most of my readers probably know that Mr. Ruskin and Miss Octavia Hill devised together the scheme of buying up miserable house-property, gradually converting it into decent dwellings, and, better still, educating the tenants in decent and orderly habits. The houses are handed over to ladies, who collect the rents, see after repairs, keep the accounts, and in fact manage the property. A really good rent-collector should possess many qualities. Courage she must have, to enable her to do an unpopular thing when it has to be done, good temper, and judgment, tact, and, perhaps above all, patience. Good health is essential, for rents must be collected whether it is wet or fine, and there is a good deal of climbing up and down stairs ; but it is not such hard work as hospital nursing, it is a much more independent life than that of a governess, and the paid workers earn five per cent. on the rents collected. The influence which a refined, educated, religious woman may have over her tenants is almost unbounded. She becomes a real friend to many of them ; her intercourse with them is healthy and natural. She is neither the 'tract-lady,' nor the 'lady with the tickets,' therefore she may at times see the rough side of her people. One of my friends who has been a landlady for many years tells the following story. A

woman for some misconduct had received notice to quit, upon which she exclaimed, in a fit of anger: 'It's a dreadful wicked place, and I'm glad to go. When I lived in B., a City Missionary used to come and read and pray with me, *and leave me a ticket for groceries,* but no one has been nigh this place with such a thing!'

It is quite impossible to describe all the different kinds of work which grow out of the care of house-property. There is plenty of scope for the Temperance worker. If the rent is not forthcoming, and the landlady hears of a drinking bout, she will not be slow to associate cause and effect, and a sharp, firm, yet kindly warning may be the beginning of better things for the poor, weak, tempted man or woman. There are summer excursions, when all who can, go out together for a day in the country, and the landlady becomes hostess. There are evening classes for the lads, and, where there is a playground, supervision of the play, which is apt to degenerate into bullying and even worse. But above all is the real, steady friendship between the landladies and their people. When the tenants once understand that they are not treated capriciously, but are in the hands of a woman who is trying to do her duty by them, and expects them to try and do theirs by her, a great step has been gained. They will confide in her, they will tell her their troubles, difficulties—nay, more, their temptations, their sins. They know that she will very often defend them from themselves or help them through their troubles.

If any young woman who reads this paper thinks she would like to know more about this work, I advise her to read Miss Octavia Hill's 'Homes of the London Poor,' and if any one would like to try their hand at it they may write to me (Miss Sophia Lonsdale, The Close, Lichfield), and I shall be able to put them in communication with ladies who have been employed on large properties for many years, and who are willing to train workers.

It is a field in which any woman may be proud to work. It is real work, not mere 'slumming,' which of late years, especially in the East of London, has become fashionable, and upon this point I would commend to my readers the wise words of the present Bishop of Bedford. It is work which makes a large and ever-increasing demand upon the workers' sympathies and interest, but it is well worth doing, and though it has its disappointments, it has also its pleasures and its rewards.

NOTE.—In this article no attempt has been made to deal with the relations between rich and poor as we see them under their most natural and pleasant conditions; I mean that friendly intercourse, extending over a number of years, perhaps from generation to generation, whereby the circumstances and characters of the poor become intimately known to their richer neighbours. If some misfortune happens it is told by the one, and the tale is believed by the other, quite naturally and simply, and assistance is given and received as between friends. But this kind of intercourse, though often seen in country villages, is not usually attainable in large towns, and even the squires' and clergymen's daughters in their friendly visits to the village people, will be none the worse as friends, for more of that sound, accurate knowledge which, rightly directed, is power.

THE LADY OF ALL WORK.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE.

SHE is a modern production, though she includes among her varied functions many of those of the Ladies Bountiful of an earlier generation. She belongs, in her perfection, as much to the busy latter half of our century, as the Lady Doctors and trained nurses, the High School teachers and the journalists, who have let us into the secrets of their arduous lives in these pages. And the professional women owe a great deal to her. Mrs. Whitney says, in one of her charming books, that though it is quite true that women can knock round in the world, the men have made a world fit for them to knock round in. In the same way it is the lady of all work who picks up the odds and ends, and clears a way for the definite workers who have to confine their energies to one object.

These papers have all dealt with work outside the home, and therefore this one will not dwell specially on the domestic side of the lady of all work's vocation, varied and important as it is. She may have a house and family on her hands, or she may not. She may be married or single, young or old, rich or poor. She may be county or country town, smart or dowdy, in London society or buried in a tiny village; the point is, that she is responsible for a great variety of unpaid work, chiefly of a more or less philanthropic description, on the accurate performance of which other people's interests depend. The peculiar *crux* and difficulty of her position is, that while her amateur work is almost

as important to other people as if it were professional, it does not and cannot stand in exactly the same relation to the rest of her life. Consequently, she has often to decide how far she is justified in undertaking work which cannot have the first claim on her time and on her energies. The distinction is not exactly between paid and unpaid work, for there are nowadays various unpaid official positions held by ladies, such as guardian of the poor, the headships of great societies, or collecting of rents, which must be treated professionally or not at all; that is to say, they must hold the same place towards the other duties of life that a profession would, or be given up if this is impossible. Of course there are times of pressure in a woman's, or, indeed, in a man's life, when the profession must go to the wall, but everyone who has worked both professionally and as an amateur—and be it observed many women *do* try to do at once the work of bricks and mortar in this manner—knows the difference of the claim made on time that belongs partly to other people.

It is very usual to sneer at amateur work of all kinds, but this paper means to point out that such work can be done, should be done, and, indeed, must be done, or the world would be in a very bad way, and that the readiness and the power to lend a hand to it is as much a vocation as anything else.

The lady of all work, according to her age and her powers, may teach Sunday schools and Bible classes, or she may instil French, Scripture, or high art, into pupil teachers, or induce big boys to carve wood and beat out brass, or she may get up classes for cookery, nursing, or scientific dressmaking. She will have a 'district.' Orphans, idiots, incurables, and decayed gentlewomen will need vigorous canvassing for various institutions. She may, she probably will, sit on any number of councils and committees; may be responsible for various training homes and orphanages; may work for the G. F. S. or some other kindred society; may have Bands of Hope and Bands of Mercy on her hands. She

will, if she is so minded, write books which she thinks are wanted, or put forward the claims of her special objects in magazine articles and appeals; she may sing, act, or recite for charities, or work for bazaars, or undertake to manage and arrange the performances and the work of others. She may be a Primrose Dame, or devoted to some other political organisation. She may be secretary or treasurer of many missions, Home or Foreign. In connection with politics or with philanthropy, she will very likely have to become accustomed to more or less public speaking. She may also be responsible for Church decorations and arrangements, and perhaps in a small place for Church music. In fact, she will be expected to do whatever is wanted.

It is perhaps incredible that any one woman should do *all* these things; but it is quite possible that she may be asked to do them, and that she will do a great many of them; and the skill with which so many conflicting claims are balanced by many ladies is something extraordinary. Some people can turn quickly from one thing to another and so make a mosaic of life. Others feel that they must have blank spaces. The molecules must not touch. The great problem of the modern lady's life is to know how far it is better to do useful things more or less imperfectly than to leave them undone. And this is a somewhat subtle question, for it is not only a matter of hours or minutes, but of the amount of vital energy which it is possible to spare for each piece of work. Every worker knows how much more perfection costs than mediocrity. To do the thing a little bit better is so much harder than to do it just well enough. It is also so very much more interesting.

Now there is so much work to do in the world, and on the whole half a loaf is so much better than no bread, that it cannot, we think, be said, in this imperfect state of being, that no one should undertake anything which she cannot do with all her might. It is very unsatisfactory, but perhaps, if there is no one

else who can do the particular thing at all, a little piece of one's energy and oneself is better than nothing, immensely inferior as it is to the whole. But it is exceedingly important to *know* when one is only doing a thing in an external and makeshift manner. Work so done may be useful as far as it goes, but it can never be delightful to the worker. It may sometimes be impossible, it *may* not always be right, to give up a social engagement for a committee; but it is most necessary to know, when the meeting so depends upon us that our absence will throw everything into confusion. And as the theatrical critic said, 'We don't expect *grammar* at the Surrey, but you *might* jine your flats.' If we can only give an external attention to the outward organisation of the work in hand, that attention may be regular and careful. It is easier to be punctual than to be influential—at least for most people. If you cannot touch the soul of your scholar, you can perhaps come to your class in time and prepare your lesson properly. It is possible to be accurate when you cannot be thorough. Not that even perfect punctuality is compatible with a great pressure, and there are lives in which a dozen extra notes is an impossible demand on preoccupied energies.

If we realise what the work is that has to be done, we shall soon see how far we do it.

A rule would be delightfully simple: 'Never undertake anything which you have not time to do thoroughly well.' But life is apt to be very unruly, and when the water is running away one must hurry up and turn off the tap, if one is standing nearest. The life of the lady of all work is a series of questions: 'Can I undertake this?' 'Is there anybody else who can do it better?' 'Had it better be dropped than done superficially?' 'If I do it, shall I take too much out of myself to go on with that other thing?'

There is no general answer. To find the right one in each

case is one of the high responsibilities for which a right judgment is needful. The highest motives do not settle the point, for however willing we are to spend and be spent for others, the question of possibility will still arise.

The woman who knows that she does not do all will probably do something, and will certainly welcome the fellow-labourer who can do more.

There may be a risk in recognising that work can be rightly done and not wholly. But what is there among life's problems that is not risky? And the answer to the important 'Shall I?' depends so much on how far other people's lives will depend upon our care, and also how far it is possible, if prevented, to find an efficient deputy. There is work, and there are times and crises in all work when it must take the first place, let what else will go. The other side of the question is so obvious that it seems barely worth while to insist upon it. Not needlessly to undertake what it is not likely we shall be able to do, considering health and other hindrances, not to rush after novelties, not to be futile and careless, and happy-go-lucky, and half ashamed of being really interested in what we are doing. We may rightly settle that we can only do a very small amount of a particular work ourselves, but if we think that it does not matter much whether anybody does it, we had far better give it up, and disconnect ourselves from an organisation or a set of people on whose energies our indifference can only have a chilling effect. There are a great many degrees of usefulness and perfection, for instance, in being a Sunday-school teacher; but the young lady who thinks Sunday schools old-fashioned bores, and that the poor dear little children had better be out at play, is quite out of place in one, even if she means to be good-natured in going there. She will not be much good, if she pretends to think so, because she believes it the correct thing.

Two remarks, however, do not seem quite obvious. One is,

that if we find we can do, however weakly, the more inward, the more difficult, the more spiritual work, we must not shirk it, and quiet our consciences by thinking what a quantity we do of external organisation. That is quite as real a temptation, and more difficult to resist for many people, than the opposite one of shirking drudgery because we like more exciting opportunities.

'Nine-tenths of the world's work is drudgery,' said Bishop Temple. Yes, but we must never forget that it is the tenth that makes the drudgery divine. The other point applies more, perhaps, to young workers. These are often far from realising that what is a bore when it is done carelessly, becomes an interest when it is done well. The higher the aim, the less wearisome the work, in spite of all its disappointments. We shall be much more vigorous amateurs if we aim at professional perfection. But we shall never find it easy to adjust all our interests to each other. It will always be difficult to decide if the visit should be given up for the class, or the dance for the meeting. Or again, whether the home school feast or the Diocesan committee has the first claim. No one can expect that the answer to the question shall be always comfortably the same. Those are the points the ladies of all work have to settle.

Now, in youth and early middle life, some of us may be called upon to decide whether we shall be ladies of all work, or professional workers. The point is decided for many by the need of money, the possession of some special faculty, or the calls of life. But where means are sufficient, and faculties are less marked, is it not a pity to think that the worth and interest of life depends upon having a *special* calling?

We say nothing against the desire to earn five pounds. Five pound notes are too desirable and too scarce not to be welcomed; but it is often said that 'If So and So could only get an article

into a magazine, or sell her pictures now and then, it would be such an *outlet* for her, such an *interest* in life.'

Now, to be an author or an artist is quite worth trying for; but an occasional success does not, it really does not, make life worth living. An occasional appearance in print, or on the walls of an exhibition, does not make a very great difference between the interest of one life and another. Isn't it worth while to fill up the holes of the world, and often to penetrate into new spheres of interest, to be able to try experiments for which specialists have no time—to run along the little bye-roads of life and see what is to be found there? If all the work enumerated above, and much that is omitted, is lying about waiting to be done, it is surely a very sufficient vocation to have leisure to do it. It has been said that general knowledge means particular ignorance. It is for the ladies of all work to see that general work does not mean particular inefficiency.

It is a good, hard, vigorous vocation to make it effectual.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.